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MR. ATTLEE IN THE U.S.A.

IN America, this week, it is the British Prime Minister and not the President of the United States who has deservedly captured the headlines. Mr. Attlee has performed two great services. He has taken the initiative, as we have always urged him to do, and put forward a British policy for dealing with the atomic bomb. In his speech to Congress he boldly asserted Britain's and his Party's determination to pursue a planned economy and to combine it with individual freedom. In international relations, with equal boldness, he proclaimed himself an internationalist, conscious of the dangers of exclusive alliances.

When we come to consider what Mr. Attlee is proposing with regard to the atomic bomb, we are on less certain ground. All we have to go on are "authoritative" press reports. These attribute to the Prime Minister the proposition that the United Nations Organisation, to which he looks as the future "expression of the will of the common people in every country," must be the sole eventual repository of all present and still undeveloped atomic secrets. That is certainly the right way to approach the problem. Mr. Attlee, so it is reported, goes on to argue that, before it can hold such overwhelming power in its hands, the Security Council must achieve unquestioned authority; and this can only be attained by unanimity among its member states. This would require the removal of all fundamental causes of friction among them. To this end, there must be full and frank discussion between the Great Powers; and, in particular, Russia must be asked to state what are the maximum claims she makes, or will make hereafter, in pursuance of her own security.

This is a good beginning—very different from, and much more promising than, the Churchillian approach to the U.S.A. But the problem is very far from being solved. There is one preliminary difficulty even in the approach. Is it realistic to expect the Russians to state unconditionally what they are likely to demand as a guarantee of their security, in the "cards on the table" attitude of Mr. Bevin? They may retort that it is not their lead; that others must say, first, how they intend to orientate their future policy towards the U.S.S.R. Assume for the moment, however, that this difficulty is circumvented and that frank and friendly discussions lead to better understanding between the U.S.S.R. and the Western democracies. What follows? We presume, though this is not yet confirmed, that Mr. Attlee means by his proposals that every member state of the Security Council must abandon its rights to possess atomic armaments. Otherwise we should merely be "internationalising" the control of atomic energy by extending the knowledge of its secrets to eleven highly nationalistic sovereign states. This would be no guarantee against the use of the atomic bomb by any of them, singly or in combination. Nor is salvation to be found in the plan with which President Truman is credited. He, it is said, wants to disseminate among the United Nations knowledge of the industrial uses of atomic energy, but to outlaw the employment of atomic bombs by "solemn international convention." The objections to this are that every process of nuclear fission yields potentially explosive products, and that no convention can be relied on to restrain an aggressor state from resorting to a weapon capable of winning a war in half an hour.

There is one other difficulty which looms still further ahead, and perhaps it is the greatest of all. We believe that when Mr. Attlee, President Truman and Marshal Stalin get down to the actual problem of internationalising the atomic bomb, they will find that it is impossible to do this effectively unless the possession of *all offensive armaments* is abandoned by national states, great and small, and handed over to the World Authority. In a world of sovereign states can the possibility be excluded that offensive weapons will not again be used? And, given that possibility, how are offensively armed nations to be persuaded to eschew the one particular weapon which might decisively turn the scale? Moreover, once begun, war becomes total. To pursue outlawry of the atomic bomb to its logical conclusion is going to be the touchstone of international statesmanship.

Palestine—A New Approach

There was little chance that the Government's new statement of policy on Palestine would be welcomed with unqualified satisfaction either by Zionists or Arabs. The Arabs, to whose "natural generosity" the Foreign Secretary paid tribute in his press conference on Tuesday, will complain that an issue, apparently settled in their favour by the 1939 White Paper, is being re-opened. The possibility of further large-scale Jewish immigration is now not excluded. The Zionists will attack the Government for its adherence, in essential points, to the 1939 policy. Not only did Mr. Bevin re-affirm that Britain under the Mandate had dual obligations, was not committed to the establishment in Palestine of a "National Jewish State," and definitely declined to impose such a solution by force; he made the continuance of Jewish immigration at the present rate of about fifteen hundred persons a month contingent on consultations with the Arabs. This is going far towards acceptance of the Arab claim to determine what size "National Home" is to be allowed to Jews in Palestine, to say nothing of an Arab veto on a Jewish National State. It will be urged, too, that the interim plan, which is to hold good until the findings of the joint Anglo-American Committee of Inquiry, does little to meet the desperate needs of the scores of thousands of Jewish refugees now homeless in Western Europe.

This postponement of a final solution, with tempers of extremists on both sides in Palestine in a high state of tension, clearly involves risks of clashes which may still further embitter Jewish-Arab relations. But, despite the risks, the new proposals represent a great gain. To begin with, the United States are now, for the first time, associated with Britain in an endeavour to solve the problem of Palestine. Still more important, in our view, the British and American Governments are now unanimous in recognising—what the Arabs have rightly urged for some time—that the emergence of Fascist and Nazi movements on the Continent, followed by the tragic persecution of Jews during the past ten years, has made the vast "human problem" of Jewry one which cannot be solved in terms of Palestine alone, or with reference solely to Zionist aspirations. The Committee of Inquiry is to examine the political and social conditions as well as the economic conditions in Palestine. It must, therefore, consider wider questions than the mere "absorptive capacity" of the country in terms of land and employment. It is also to examine, and report as expeditiously as possible, on the position of the Jews in all countries of Europe where anti-Semitism has taken shape in persecution and outrage. The Committee's terms of reference do not include specifically the task of examining the possibility of fostering Jewish immigration to the United States, the British Dominions, or other countries outside Europe; but if we read aright the sense of the new approach to Palestine now foreshadowed, we conclude that it is in terms of a world-wide solution of what has now become a world problem that the two Governments are thinking.

What Government for France ?

After a confused debate in the Assembly, all votes were cast for General de Gaulle's election as Prime Minister. But it is not yet clear how far agreement has been reached among the three main parties regarding the form of the Cabinet or the programme upon which it will be based. General de Gaulle refused to discuss these points until after his election, and has since said that he will resign unless the party leaders can reach agreement. At the same time he is clearly trying not to commit himself in advance. The three main parties have again declared that they support the National Council of Resistance programme. But from last week's negotiations no detailed statement of policy emerged. The Socialists find their position extremely delicate; on the religious issue they incline to association with the Communists, on foreign policy they veer towards the Catholic M.R.P. While they are prepared to make considerable concessions in order to ensure a stable Government, at some point they must join with other Left groups in insisting that the General implement at least a minimum programme of socialisation. If they fail to do this, their middle-of-the-road tactics may bring them more electoral reverses at the end of the Assembly's life in seven months' time. The Communists, whose spokesman, M. Duclos, insisted during the debate on retaining considerable independence for his party, seem to feel that as the largest group in the Assembly they are entitled to a higher status and greater influence than either the Socialists or M.R.P. seem prepared to concede to them. But the success of any Government depends on the extent of Communist participation and support.

Chinese Crisis

The situation in China is fluid and obscure. Whilst fighting between Communists and the Central Government spreads over eleven provinces, the Democratic League in Chungking has intervened with some success, and both Government and Communists have agreed to submit both their military and their political differences to a Consultative Committee due to meet on November 20th. The fact that this suggestion came from the Democratic League reflects the growing strength of progressive opinion in China, for the League includes most of the leading intellectuals whose activities have been heavily censored in the past. At the same time a new Chinese-Soviet agreement has been signed for the re-occupation of Manchuria by Chinese troops who will be transported by American aircraft. The American Secretary for War has announced that United States armies in China will not participate in the Civil War unless they are attacked. The stability of areas from which the Japanese have been evacuated already is, however, not likely to be promoted by recent appointments made from Chungking. Nearly all the nine governors for Manchuria and for other North China provinces are Kuomintang officials closely attached to the reactionary Ho Ying-chin and C.C. cliques.

A New Chance in Indonesia

Although the area of fighting has grown in Indonesia and more British troops have landed in Batavia, the political situation is one which provides a new and more hopeful basis for negotiations. A fresh Cabinet has been formed composed of young Left-Wing people with good Resistance records. The Prime Minister, Sutan Sjahir, is a well-known anti-Fascist, a Socialist who was exiled by the Dutch Government until 1941. Sjarifoedin, Minister of Information and Home Security, is also a distinguished Resistance leader belonging to the Left Wing Christian Democrats. Soewandi, Soenaryo and Moelia, Ministers of Justice, Finance and Education respectively, were Right-Wing Nationalists before the war but active in Resistance since 1941. Dr. Soekarno and Dr. Hatta remain President and Vice-President respectively, but the new Provisional Government is now responsible not to the President, as before, but to the National Assembly, which has already declared its responsibility for the maintenance of peace and security in the country. It is to be hoped that British pressure, already exerted towards direct negotiations between the Dutch and Indonesian Governments, will be maintained.

The Nurses' Charter

Mr. Bevan's White Paper is the biggest contribution yet made to promoting efficiency and good conditions in the nursing service. Accepting the recommendations of the Rushcliffe and Taylor Committees, and in some respects improving on them, it promises reforms which are commonly agreed to be shamefully overdue. Over thirty thousand vacancies must be filled before present hospital accommodation can be properly serviced, without taking into account planned and necessary extensions. It is not only increased recruitment that is required; the White Paper rightly aims at ensuring that recruits stay their training course, for more than half now fail to complete it for one reason or another. One essential change is the proposal for employing a far larger proportion of domestic workers—twelve thousand is the immediate minimum—in order to relieve the nurse from arduous drudgery which handicaps her professional activity. Among nurses the most popular move will be the insistence of the White Paper that a nurse shall use her leisure as she pleases. The nursing profession has too long been regarded as a para-military service. Higher wages, shorter hours, and greater freedom are now, in principle, conceded. The success of Mr. Bevan's scheme depends upon the speed with which he implements it, not least by securing the co-operation of hospital authorities.

Demobbing the Conchie

In introducing his Bill to regulate the release of conscientious objectors, the Minister of Labour was most careful to avoid anything which might offend the susceptibilities of the Armed Forces. He probably overrated the hostility of the soldier during this war to men, many of whom have proved their courage in the field, as well as in the laboratory. A number of admirable speeches in the debate pressed home the point that, if C.O.s should not enjoy special advantages as compared to the fighting men, they should also not be subjected to special disadvantages. The treatment of the C.O. during the war has been so admirably civilised that it seems a pity to spoil our record. The issues raised were first the time-lag of four weeks which must elapse after the date fixed for the group release before the C.O. can be released, and secondly the rule that C.O.s, who anyway cannot become officers, must wait until all the deferred officers in their group are out. It was admitted that this might mean in practice putting them back by as much as three groups. It was also cogently argued that a Class B scheme for C.O.s is required. Class B is not granted as a reward for meritorious service, but is a scheme designed to bring back early key workers indispensable for reconstruction. Many C.O.s are key workers, especially in school teaching, and it seems absurd not to treat them as such. Mr. Ness Edwards, in an admirable speech which wound up the debate, gave an assurance that all these points would be considered.

The Farmers' Programme

The new programme issued by the National Farmers' Union is an uncompromising demand for yet more subsidies from the taxpayers unaccompanied by any real public control. Complete producers' dominance on the Marketing Boards, which the N.F.U. wishes to see extended over the whole range of agricultural commodities, is unequivocally demanded. The continuance of the County Agricultural Committees is proposed, but on a basis which would give the N.F.U. and the Central Landowners' Association a preponderant majority, and would convert them from instruments of public policy into mere representatives of the farming interests. The agricultural workers are offered a place upon them, but in a small minority which would allow them no real influence. The N.F.U. has now dropped its earlier proposals laying down definite outputs to be maintained by means of subsidies from the State, and the new programme is vague about quantities, though these are plainly at the root of the whole problem. The Government, for its part, has decided to retain the Ministry of Food and to use it as an agency for bulk purchases of foodstuffs overseas, and also to continue for the present any subsidies that may be needed to hold the prices of essential foodstuffs at their present levels. Such a policy of controlled imports and subsidies, operated by the State, is in evident conflict with the farmers' notion that they should be given full authority to call the tune; for it implies continued direction to the farmers about what they are to produce.

Direct Grant Schools

The Tories managed to get up a vast amount of indignation over the question of the "direct grant" schools in the House of Commons last week. From the line they took, it might have been supposed that the Minister of Education had been making a holocaust of this type of school, whereas, in fact, out of 94 applications already dealt with from schools previously on the "direct grant" list, only 12 have been rejected, leaving over a hundred still to be decided. Sixteen schools hitherto in receipt of grant have decided to become independent rather than accept the obligations imposed on them under the new Act; and eighteen have elected to become "maintained" schools under the ægis of the L.E.A.s. As against this, 36 schools hitherto aided by the L.E.A.s have applied for "direct grant" from the Ministry; and of these only four have been accepted. The critics had two main grievances—one that any schools should be deprived of "direct grant" status, and the other that so few new applications have been granted. In other words, they want both to preserve the existing "direct grant" schools and to add to their number. Miss Wilkinson rightly answered that the claims of the schools had to be considered in relation to the new obligation of the L.E.A.s to provide secondary education in suitable form for all local children, and that the carving out from the local provision of schools essential to it might produce highly undesirable results. She did not discuss the wider question, really implicit in Col. King's attack from the Labour benches, whether it might not be better to put the Grammar Schools, or a number of them, under some body covering a wider area than that of the single L.E.A. and containing a larger academic element. Indeed, she could not discuss this issue; for, however desirable such a solution may be, the Act does not provide for it.

PARLIAMENT: Government Without Opposition

WESTMINSTER is still a legislative backwater from which we placidly observe how history is made on the Potomac. Everyone on the Government side is proud of the Prime Minister's speech in Congress. As for the atomic bomb, the only complaint is that he did not himself say in the House last Wednesday what Francis Williams released this week in Washington. Then we would have been spared the bad taste which still lingers in the mouth after last Wednesday's debate. There is no doubt that Mr. Bevin will take some time to live down the extempore additions to his brief on that unfortunate occasion.

But he has done well on Palestine. The House was nervous and a little unruly during Question time on Tuesday: even the imperturbable Hugh Dalton was hard pressed. Then, when we were all expecting Mr. Bevin's statement, Mr. Chuter Ede rose to explain the Home Office policy with regard to European refugees who have relations in England. The Home Secretary has a reputation for stuffiness. But on Tuesday he showed a genuine human concern and eagerness to help which silenced his critics on both sides of the House and put us in a receptive mood for Mr. Bevin. The Foreign Secretary wisely kept to his brief on Palestine and only permitted his dislike of extremists to emerge in one supplementary. He is handling the Parliamentary party very well indeed on this embarrassing issue.

Meanwhile we proceed with minor if useful legislation, such as the Minister of Health's Bill for controlling the rent of furnished houses. Aneurin Bevan found himself in the unusual position—for him—of being criticised for not going far enough. But he was able to argue that his mildness on this occasion was solely due to a shortage of Parliamentary draughtsmen. The Dockers' Bill unexpectedly stirred up a lively debate, when Sidney Silverman discovered that it might turn any dockers who broke their contract into Tolpuddle Martyrs. This gave Clem Davies his chance to plead the cause of Liberalism with an eyeful of tears. A handsome withdrawal by Ness Edwards closed the incident.

Adjournment debates reveal a variety not only of talent but of opinion within the Labour Party. Major Wise and Mr. Paget have stunned the Tories by making farmer's speeches from the Socialist benches. Major Wyatt and Colonel Rees-Williams continue to play inside-Left against the Service chiefs. On education, Mr. King and Mrs. Nichol last Friday pointed out the serious issues involved in the "direct grant" dispute, and received the penalty of praise from Mr. Eden. Labour critics, who are justifiably concerned for the future of education, will be well advised to urge the need for a new Socialist Bill rather than appear to line up with the Tories, who are criticising Miss Wilkinson for quite different reasons.

Indeed the general need is still for a clear definition of the issues between the parties. The Opposition, since it has no positive programme, is deliberately leaving the job of opposition to the Government back benches and waiting for a Government measure against which there is a possibility of whipping up popular indignation. Will the State Medical Service give them their chance? Very probably. And the Labour Party would be well advised to undertake at once an educational campaign throughout the country to ease the passage through the House of this difficult but vital measure.

PHINEAS

GRADUALISM'S GROWING PAINS

THERE is a sweet simplicity about a root-and-branch social revolution. Its success presupposes attainment of power by a Government whose programme looks to the substitution of a New Model for all existing institutions; and, even if some sound timber is cut away with the dead wood, there is no failure to recognise the need for new incentives and new machinery. For good or ill, this is not the position or outlook of the British Labour Government. It obtained a mandate to pave the way for a gradualist transition from a predominantly capitalist society to one which should be based increasingly on Socialist principles; but its immediate programme was to socialise only a small sector of the national economy. For the rest, the existing structure was to be preserved. That is, private enterprise was to be encouraged to function productively within the ambit of a broad governmental plan for allocating priorities to the satisfaction of essential national and social needs.

In its application to non-socialised industries and trades, a plan of this sort obviously involved the imposition of negative controls. The situation of Britain in the aftermath of the Second World War was, indeed, such that some restraints on private initiative, whether of consumers or producers, would have to have been imposed by any Government: it was obviously essential to prevent, by continued rationing, an inflationary wave of pent-up buying power; and it was equally vital to prevent scarce materials and labour being absorbed in the manufacture of articles of flagrantly luxurious kinds. Obviously, too, there had to be some quantitative restriction of imports, and some deliberate diversion of production into the provision of exports at the temporary expense of the domestic consumer. But from the standpoint of a Labour Government, pledged to the direction of the national effort in accordance with a predetermined priority order of social needs, planned controls had to go considerably farther than would have appeared necessary to a Government whose ultimate objective was the restoration, by and large, of an economy based on *laissez faire* and the restoration of the normal stimuli of private enterprise.

There is, therefore, no cause for surprise, or of complaint that, so far, the main emphasis of Labour policy has lain in the direction of saying, "Thou shalt not." A condition precedent to the eventual working-out of positive plans for full employment and maximum national production was clearly to stop the private entrepreneur from canalising our (at present) limited resources in directions contrary to the general interest. This unexceptionable principle is implicit in the fiscal policy of which Mr. Dalton gave a pre-view this autumn, and, if reports are to be believed, it will be illustrated again in the Government's forthcoming proposals for regulating capital investment. There is to be, it seems, not a National Investment Board in the sense of an institution charged with the task of mobilising the public's savings for specific approved enterprises, but merely a licensing mechanism whose duty will be chiefly to prevent the misdirection of capital by private enterprise for non-essential or less essential purposes. The danger is lest this policy, if it be prolonged and not supplemented by more positive State action in replacement of private enterprise, may produce not Socialism but economic paralysis. The result might be only too easily a vacuum in which capitalism was not allowed to work and Socialism was not yet there to take its place.

This danger is most apparent in the all-important matter of housing. Here the Government has rightly decided to give priority to satisfying the most urgent social need—that of working-class houses to let. Hence it has decided to forbid the construction, not merely of luxury buildings, but even of fairly modest middle-class dwellings. The limit of £1,200, or £1,300 in the London metropolitan area, above which no building licence may be granted, represents a very drastic "Thou shall not" to the building industry. Moreover, in addition, not merely is the employment of labour on reconditioning rural workers' dwellings temporarily vetoed, but repairs and renovations other than those rendered necessary by enemy action are subject to rigorous restrictions. On the other hand, the Government appears to have set its face against nationalising the building industry, or any part of it. It is to retain its present structure, made up (as it is) of a few large and a host of small contractors. They are to await the receipt of building contracts from the local authorities on whom the Government is placing exclusive reliance as its agents for formulating housing programmes and seeing that the houses are built. The result at present is that, apart from a limited number of temporary structures, practically no houses are being erected at all. Lord Listowel announced in the House of Lords' debate on Tuesday that tenders had so far been approved for 12,000 permanent houses—a sufficiently modest figure, one would say—but he did not claim that one brick had yet been laid upon another.

In part, of course, this immediate stagnation in the building industry, whose labour force is for the time being extravagantly employed in the leisurely accomplishment of "blitz" repairs, is due to the shortage of technicians—quantity surveyors, architects, and draftsmen—at the disposal of local authorities, whose depleted Housing departments await the return of Servicemen not yet demobilised. In part it is due to the fact that, though Mr. Bevan has selected his agencies for dealing with the private building contractor, he has not yet given his agents a clear financial plan on which to work. The local authorities have not yet been told what rate of interest they will have to pay on capital borrowed from the Exchequer for housing purposes—or at least they believe that they have not yet received the Cabinet's last word on the subject. They do not know what the next move is to be if they are unable to obtain from private contractors tenders below the "ceiling" at present fixed by the Ministry. They do not know what form of subsidy, flat-rate or variable, they will be authorised to provide in order to bridge the difference between the maximum obtainable rent and the true economic rent on the capital cost of the houses which are built to their order.

All these impediments in the road of the rapid rehousing of the people will doubtless in the end be overcome; but it would be highly optimistic of Mr. Bevan to suppose that they will be overcome so completely or so rapidly that the situation will not arise in which, in some parts of the country, building labour will be under-employed, while in others, where the need for new houses is most acute, work will be held up by labour shortage. For, as building workers are released from the Services, they naturally tend to drift back to their old firms; and the pre-war geographical pattern of the building industry is far from corresponding to post-war social needs for new houses. The private building contractor has his uncertainty as to his future costs increased by vociferous demands from the operatives for better pay and conditions. His expectations of profits are made nebulous by the system of price "ceilings." His relationships with private customers—despite Lord Listowel's disclaimer of "doctrinal" animus against private building—are, from his standpoint, intolerably regimented. So he sits back and awaits such local municipal orders as may come his way.

We have argued before, and we return to our contention, that the housing problem will not be solved unless the work of the local authorities in canalising private building enterprise is supplemented by a National Building Corporation, run directly by the Ministry of Health and charged with the task of mobilising, with the tempo of a military operation, all available building resources in man-power and machinery not absorbed by local authorities' needs. Apart from the utility of such a Corporation in undertaking schemes beyond the capacity of financially burdened local authorities and in making good slow progress by laggards, we believe it would be of immense psychological advantage for the Government to create, here and now, one bit of mechanism which demonstrated that an urgent job can be done, in peace as in war, on definitely collective lines. In housing, as elsewhere, an ounce of positive Socialism that "works" is needed to dispel the impression that the one idea of Socialists is to prevent people from committing sins to which they are not inclined.

YUGOSLAVIA VOTES

(By cable from Belgrade, Tuesday.)

"I HOPE," I said to Tito a few days before the election, "that you will get 75 per cent. If you get 90 per cent., it might be a good idea to destroy 25 per cent. of your vote." Tito laughed and said, "there is no need to worry, there will be a substantial minority in any case. I will be well satisfied with 65 per cent." In fact, on present returns, it looks as though the National Front has scored about 85 per cent., abstentions being much less than expected. One remarkable feature is the solid vote for the Front in Macedonia. This must be interpreted as meaning that there is strong approval for the Federal solution of the nationality problem.

How far does this huge vote represent the reality of the political situation? I must first explain how far I am entitled to give an opinion. A week, even if spent in intensive inquiry, is a ridiculously short time to form a judgment about national feeling. Happily, I and the British M.P.s, whose visit here has been the subject of curiously misinformed comment in the House of Commons, have had an unusually good chance to investigate. The party included three journalists who had worked as Intelligence or Liaison Officers here during the war. They know the language and the people with an intimacy that could scarcely be achieved in normal times. So far from being officially guided, the delegation has divided up into small groups with their own interpreter, and travelled in cars wherever their fancy took them. John Platts-Mills, who was a Bevin boy during the war, even spent two days working in a primitive but most friendly coal mine where the miners, often without any footgear and almost in rags, were working furiously hard to help reconstruction. I was myself lucky enough to spend the two nights before polling day in villages fifty to a hundred miles from Belgrade, in prosperous Danube country, sleeping in the homes of peasants, talking to scores of them, and hearing their political views and graphic stories of Partisan days. My companion was Colonel Davidson, now the correspondent of *The Times* and a year ago one of the most famous of the British officers who fought with the Partisans. As we entered the villages in a borrowed jeep, the peasants recognised Davidson and, running out with cries of welcome, carried us off into their homes and feasted us on Slivovits, wine and grapes, and sometimes cheese and meat. We had great difficulty in preventing one man, who had risked his life for months hiding Davidson, from killing a pig for us.

We visited polling booths in three villages and found—as all the delegation, which visited scores of them, found—that the atmosphere was orderly and friendly; it was particularly interesting to watch peasant women, who before had never had votes, being shown that they could vote for one of several National Front candidates or for the Opposition. Even the most hostile observers admit that the voting and counting of the votes were watched by many people of different opinions and were beyond reproach. Criticism can only arise because there was no Opposition list and because all propaganda, posters, and demonstrations were for the National Front and were obviously in the hands of the Communist Party. The ballot itself was completely secret and uncorrupt. A British official who is very critical of the regime said: "This is the fairest election ever in Yugoslavia."

Why was there no Opposition party and how far is there any justification for the stories of terror? I have spent many hours inquiring on both points and wish to summarise my conclusions with complete frankness. The Opposition which talks to foreigners in Belgrade and sits in cafes retailing horror stories can be completely discounted. I have talked to the leading members of it, both in Zagreb and Belgrade. It has nothing to offer, no programme, no leadership, nothing but the grievance of politicians and functionaries who have lost power to a revolutionary movement which, all observers agree, commands general public support, though it also earns much merited criticism. I think it would have been better to allow newspapers to appear with all their virulence rather than to suspend them after publication under War Emergency Regulations. But it should be remembered that there are still groups of Chetniks and Ustachi in the woods, and that this is a revolution following a desperate civil and a national war in which a large part of the country has been completely devastated. To the peasants with whom I talked the Opposition meant, in the main, "simply those who had helped the enemy in time of war and were still hoping for foreign intervention." Nor is this really an unfair picture of some of the Opposition people I talked to. They were quite free to talk and, if pushed, agreed that they had no policy apart from foreign intervention. The best of them repudiated this outlook and explained that, though it would have been difficult to run a campaign for an Opposition List, it would have been perfectly possible to do so, and that probably a "fatal political error" had been made by Milan Grol and Subascic. Some of us asked Tito whether there would be a real Opposition now. He said that the National Front contained many elements and inevitably there would be a loyal Opposition within the Front "and a strong one." That, he said, would be a development he would welcome.

I tried my best to track down stories of O.Z.N.A. terror. Undoubtedly there are arbitrary arrests and concentration camps—which are said only to contain collaborators. But every inquiry led to the discovery that the stories were wildly exaggerated and based mainly on the arrests of suspect persons, most of whom are released after some weeks in prisons which, according to the evidence of M.P.s who were allowed to roam freely with interpreters of their own in O.Z.N.A. prisons, were remarkably good for the Balkans.

I came to the conclusion that the terror is at present a mild one on Balkan standards, but that the position of O.Z.N.A. needs very careful watching. It is not now open to the sort of charge made against it by hostile journalists, some of whom have told me that, in spite of their best efforts, they have been unable to substantiate any charge of O.Z.N.A. terror now. It could, however, easily develop and would certainly do so, if Yugoslavia were thrown increasingly into the Soviet camp by unwise British and American policy. To-day the legitimate criticism is not of O.Z.N.A. but of "street leaders," who are certainly instructed to bring everyone along to National Front demonstrations and who, I am told, do a good deal of intimidation of an economic kind in the case of those who refuse this species of political education.

The truth is that in this country the old ruling forces are completely discredited and have missed their opportunity to lead any critical Opposition. The real Opposition, whose existence Tito and other leaders admit, must be found among the peasants and not in Zagreb or Belgrade. It is definitely not a pro-Peter Opposition. I did not meet one peasant who wanted King Peter back; one peasant woman when asked about her vote said that it was all new to her, and that she did not know much about it, but had we heard the report that, while Tito was fighting, the King got married? This Greek marriage at the time of his country's greatest agony has profoundly impressed the Yugoslav people. I should hesitate to make so strong a statement on the very limited experience of myself and the Parliamentary delegates. I have checked it with the very wide knowledge of a representative of a British Conservative paper who has lived in Yugoslavia for many years and who knows the people and the language intimately. He tells me that even in Serbia, where the King was once deeply respected, he has only been able to find three peasant families who still want Peter. The Opposition which Grol and Subascic might have organised springs from the discontent of peasants who, in a period when the Government can offer little by way of goods in exchange for the goods which they supply, must sooner or later demand better political expression than that now offered them by the old leaders of the Croat or Serb peasant parties.

The real problem before the National Front, as Tito told the Members of Parliament, is to find an efficient administration. A man may have been a magnificent Partisan fighter, but he is not thereby qualified to run a Government department or the administration of a complex reconstruction job. When Sidney Webb first visited Russia, he said that "what this country needs is a supply of a hundred thousand second division civil service clerks." The same remark certainly applies here. Revolutionary enthusiasm will in time develop a bureaucracy, as in Russia, perhaps too much of a bureaucracy, but for the moment the mood of the people seems to me well summarised in a poster which I saw in Hungarian in a village on the Hungarian-Yugoslav frontier. It ran "We have no need of the past."

KINGSLEY MARTIN

COMMON POVERTY

"The U.S. is now a have-not nation."—Statement by Harold L. Ickes.

Threadbare Britain has sought assistance,
  Needy Washington states its terms;
Britain manifests loan-resistance
  And post-war bargaining rights affirms.
America pleads her state penurious,
  And asks, for aiding her old ally,
Long-term repayments at rates injurious
  Plus a generous slice of Dominion Pie.

Washington clings to a rash presumption,
  London refuses to budge an inch;
If the Empire chooses to cut consumption
  American profits will feel the pinch.
Britain is not too broke to borrow,
  A debt is a token of mutual aid,
Not the boom to-day but the slump to-morrow
  Washington sees if they will not trade.

London's experts decline to palter,
  Britain sticks to her sterling rule,
Nor will she be a debt-defaulter
  Nor plunge headlong in the dollar pool.
If Washington cuts proposed advances
  And seeks repayment in cash, not goods,
Britain will manage her own finances,
  She's no babe in the Bretton Woods.

London, formerly queen of creditors,
  Sounds the rally for debtor Powers—
Washington must support competitors,
  America's need is more than ours!
High self-interest dictates a gesture,
  Mutual want needs a common cure;
Britain calls to the States investor,
  "It's always the poor who help the poor!"

SAGITTARIUS

SHRIVENHAM

Among the beechwoods in the Vale of the White Horse, four thousand students are attending the first "national" All-American University. For this great educational experiment, sponsored by the United States Army, more than a hundred and fifty American colleges and universities have released some of their best teachers; to it have come G.I.s born in every State in the Union and educated at nearly four hundred different institutions including a hundred and thirty-two universities. They have come to Shrivenham American University to spend eight crowded weeks while awaiting their return home or their assignment to Occupation duties. Nearly two-thirds of them have had one or more years at college before enlistment; a tenth are graduates and the remainder have all passed through High School. They are young—their average age is twenty-two—but about a quarter are married. A large majority intend either to enter or return to college on demobilisation. In the meantime, at Shrivenham they find every familiar feature of their universities back home, from libraries to cheer-leaders, from soda-fountains to laboratories.

I give these facts to illustrate the size and complexity of Shrivenham University, a project which seems to have satisfied the hopes of the military and academic authorities who have nursed it from its conception in the early days of the war until its foundation in the summer of this year. With its companion institution at Biarritz, it is merely the top level of an enormous educational structure designed to reach every man still serving in the European Theatre with vocational and reorientation courses. Within a few weeks of the Nazi collapse, thousands of applications had to be scrutinised and students selected; a staff of about three hundred had to be recruited, some from civilian professions, some from military service; a library of sixty thousand volumes had to be installed, laboratories equipped and a comprehensive curriculum drafted and put into operation by an academic team—most of whom had not met before.

When the scheme first came up for discussion it was decided that the courses offered should aim higher than merely occupying the time of veterans not yet due for release; the aim of the University was to re-create an academic atmosphere, free from routine duties and disciplines, in which its students could begin to pick up the threads of their civilian life, to learn how to study and think flexibly again, to acquire fresh cultural or intellectual interests or to refresh minds grown [illegible]le in campaigning. And whether one glances through registration statistics or talks to students picked at random on the campus, it is obvious that the men have come to Shrivenham to get the most out of the facilities it offers without any narrow emphasis on the vocational value of their work. While many students are spending their two months on a line of work chosen before or interrupted by enlistment, large numbers are breaking fresh ground—like the farmer who is studying the appreciation of music or the medical officer who attends classes in sculpture. Even the staff have been surprised by the heavy enrolments in Liberal and Fine Arts and by the numbers who attend classes in, for example, Philosophy, Æsthetics or the History of Civilisation. "I never thought I should see three hundred G.I.s fighting for seats to hear Toynbee," said one professor to me, "but we couldn't bring the meeting to a close."

And this enthusiasm is typical of all faculties. At Shrivenham, a student can take specialist classes in Agriculture, Engineering, Journalism, Drama, and the whole gamut of academic subjects, from freshman to graduate standards. He attends an average of three classes a day. If he is studying journalism, besides attending lectures he helps to produce the *Shrivenham Post*, an excellent eight-page weekly, which offers him experience in every aspect of newspaper work from reporting to editing and lay-out. Both in technique and content the *Post* puts many English local papers to shame. Or take radio; students write, produce and take part in broadcasts from Radio Shrivenham, a medium-wave transmitter with a range of about thirty miles. The drama classes were given transport to visit Stratford every night in the season; they have been given performances of Shaw and Shakespeare by English companies, and have had an opportunity to interrogate the producers and casts afterwards; they have built two theatres where they put on plays written by students as well as standard productions. Those interested in geology, architecture, history or sociology are taken on visits to quarries, cathedrals and locations of special interest to their work. In the agricultural section, students are given field-work on English farms and sent to research institutes. As Dean Peterson, the senior academic personality at Shrivenham, emphasised to me, "this association of theoretical work with our environment is not only of great academic importance; the way in which it helps our students to appreciate British institutions and social patterns is a very real contribution to mutual understanding."

What of the students? Most of these men are veterans. How far do they require special treatment? Will they be problem cases for the universities when they get back home? I suspect that the American authorities hoped that Shrivenham would give them an answer to these problems. It has. The conditions have certainly been ideal for adjustment to normal conditions, but the experience of Shrivenham is enough to show that veterans present no really big psychological problem as many American educationalists had feared. These are some comments made by members of the teaching staff about their students: tolerant, impatient of a purely national outlook, degree of maturity beyond the average student at U.S. universities, sincere interest in study, not psycho-neurotics—they know what they want, neither need nor like idea of special treatment, expect to work hard, and dislike snap courses, but hope for some acceleration of graduation-schedules when they return to university. And then, on the negative side, very little. They do have some greater difficulty in concentrating, are over-ambitious about the amount of work they can do, being accustomed to rapid training in the Army; they find it a little irksome to be slowed down and faced up to basic principles. Dr. Kimball Young, this year's President of the American Sociological Society, who is surveying student reactions at Shrivenham, told me that, "as far as social science students are concerned, many of them want quick answers to complex social questions. They're concerned with social *action* and they're often intolerant of social *analysis* and delay in getting things done."

But I found universal agreement on the value of the work at Shrivenham. Whether I was sitting in a cold theatre watching the students put on the melodrama, *Ten Nights in a Bar Room*, sitting in on classes, watching a radio programme go out or the *Post* going to press, talking to students or lecturers, I was impressed by two things, the real sense of achievement of everyone who has participated in this experiment and the ease with which men who went from Omaha Beach to Leipzig have slipped back into civilian habits of thought and behaviour. For two months these men have been thinking, talking and working on constructive humane lines. They are living evidence against the belief that armies and war necessarily corrupt and warp the mind.

Two other convictions pressed upon me at Shrivenham: the urgent need for far greater interchange of students between British and American universities and for a smaller but similar institution in this country if we continue to have a conscript Army.

And I feel the same way as staff and students about the proposal to close down Shrivenham on December 5th. If needs be, reduce its size; but why shouldn't our War Office take over a half-share and run it as an nglo-American University, at least for two more terms? It can be done in a hurry. The Americans did it in June.

Norman MacKenzie

A LONDON DIARY

Drew Pearson, who makes a habit of publishing "Most Secret" documents in his Washington column, last week printed the full text of the Churchill-Roosevelt agreement on the de-industrialisation of the Ruhr. This document now has only an historical significance, reminding us once again what a disaster the Quebec Conference of the autumn of 1944 really was. Mr. Churchill has already revealed the Quebec agreement on Greece, which was directly responsible for the decision to support the Right in the civil war. And now we learn as a fact—what we previously had only suspected—that the two statesmen *did* initial the Morgenthau plan just at the moment when our troops had reached the German frontier. A couple of hours' conversation one evening caused the sudden scrapping of all the elaborate plans for military government in Germany, worked out on the commonsense principle that German industry and agriculture should be got going behind our advancing troops and used for the provision of military supplies and of relief to the liberated countries. As the result of Quebec, two emergency directives were issued to the British and American armies. The first expressly forbade any and every economic rehabilitation except such as might be found necessary to prevent unrest or starvation. The second enjoined non-fraternisation. Men who were working in SHAEF last autumn have described to me the stunned stupor of the experts when they received these new orders. Everyone knew that the first of them meant starvation and disease not only in Germany but throughout Europe, and that the second would very soon break down and in the meanwhile would produce, in practice, non-co-operation by military government officers, not with Germans but with German anti-Fascists. But everyone also knew that these orders came from the great men themselves; and as "orders is orders" they were carried out despite their wicked stupidity. Quebec was the zenith of the "realist" Anglo-American policy, which sacrificed every principle of morality and common sense in the passion for revenge and the search for an Anglo-American security based on power politics. We shall be paying the price for it for a very long time.

* * *

A major does not often get a rise out of a Field-Marshal; but Field-Marshal Montgomery has found it necessary to make a lengthy answer to Major Wyatt's spirited speech in the House last week on the delays in demobilisation. His assertion that, by VE-Day, his H.Q. had been cut by sixteen per cent. means very little. What matters is how much it has been cut since VE-Day. It will be difficult to get comparative figures since H.Q., 21st Army Group, has been transformed into H.Q., B.A.O.R., and the whole Control Commission establishment has been added to it. I can quote, however, one instance of the way things are going, which came to my notice last week. On the Q side, one section of the Field-Marshal's Headquarters was staffed during the fighting period by four officers, headed by a Lt.-Col. This section had asked for an increased establishment months before VE-Day. After the fighting had stopped and the need for the increase had been removed, the War Office sanction came through. So now twelve officers do the work of four. The section is headed by a Brigadier—a professional soldier put in on top of the previous head. There is a slot for a Colonel which, no doubt, will soon be filled; and there are three Lt.-Cols. This is typical of a process which is occurring in all the

Services. High-ranking professional Servicemen are introduced to do work that in a more active period was adequately done by amateurs of much lower rank. How can they be expected to axe their staff voluntarily and so return to a substantive rank two or three grades lower than that they now hold? I am sure that there is only one solution to this problem. The Service Ministers must order cuts well below the minimum demanded by the Chiefs of Staff, and bluntly tell them to do the impossible. This is what happened all through the war. A friend of mine reminds me that the Ministry of War Transport was never able to give the Chiefs of Staff more than fifty per cent. of the minimum shipping they demanded. Yet we won the war.

* * *

I very much hope that the British scientists will not allow to go by default the gratuitous threats to their freedom of expression made by Mr. Bevin and Mr. Churchill. The Foreign Secretary referred to "the very serious claim of the scientists to supersede the State," and Mr. Churchill warned them not to disclose the atomic secret, and hoped that the law would be used against these scientists with utmost rigour. But the scientists have never claimed to supersede the State; they are fulfilling their public duty in making representations to Governments on both sides of the Atlantic and properly informing the public of the facts and consequences of the atomic discovery. As for Mr. Churchill's threat, the scientists maintain that there is no *scientific* secret in the bomb. The facts, essential to nuclear physicists, were known before the security black-out in 1942, and have been amplified by the official "Smyth Report" published by the U.S. Government. Scientists complain that statesmen do not know the difference between the secret of an invention and the invention of a secret. What they are concerned about is that the pretext of a secret will be used to hobble physical research and prevent free publication of results, which is indispensable to progressive science. Mr. Bevin is, in effect, putting them under house-arrest in their laboratories. And the irony of it is that if Otto Hahn had not evaded Hitler's imposition of State secrecy and published to the world his discovery of Uranium fission, if Simon, Peierls, Halban, Fermi and others had not escaped from the Fascism which was suffocating their scientific freedom, and if British and American scientists had not insisted upon being heard in the first place by their respective Governments, there would not have been an atomic bomb to debate. If that was blameworthy, the scientists are insisting on taking their share of the blame.

* * *

A doctor friend said to me the other day I've had to stop putting American magazines in my waiting-room. Their technicolour food advertisements upset my patients, whose food is so monochromatic." And that is as profound an observation as any in the current newspaper debate between doctors as to whether we, as a nation, are undernourished. What the eye sees, the stomach grieves about. The grey monotony of sausage-meat in all its unconvincing disguises is a considerable factor in making us feel that our diet is inadequate. Intellectually, we can accept the assurances of Prof. Marrack, Lord Horder and others that our rations are giving us enough calories and vitamins to keep the engine running and the level of health steady; but gastronomically we still have rumbling doubts. According to the *News Chronicle* Gallup Poll, that goes for half the population; they *feel* that they do not have enough to eat. The fact is, we are jaded by six years of war and our tempers are frayed, and what we need is the "beano" which we can't have, an appetising meal and what goes with it. One thing which is noticeable is the sugar-hunger among one's grown-up friends. They want chocolate and sweets, perhaps in compensation for the spirits they used to have as a "bracer" after a tiring day. We take such comfort as we may from the data of the experts, but the best authority is still that eminent physiologist, Miss Marie Lloyd, with her "A little of what yer fancies does yer good."

* * *

One of the main talking points about the General Election was the extent to which the intervention of some three hundred Liberal candidates helped or hindered Labour. I know a number of experienced campaigners who took contrary views, and both sides claimed that their opinions were endorsed by the results. One difficulty, of course, is that circumstances differed so much between constituencies. Now, I see, Margaret Cole has published a detailed analysis of the figures in which she suggests that for every Labour candidate who benefited from triangular contests, two Tories were helped to Westminster. I am not sure a final judgment about this is possible, but Mrs. Cole's excellent pamphlet (*The General Election* 1945, 1*s*.), which Victor Gollancz has just published for the Fabian Society, certainly demonstrates that even had all the constituencies won by Labour on a split vote been lost—which is improbable—Labour would still have had a majority. The tables and the commentary set out in this pamphlet provide the best short discussion of the General Election that has yet come my way.

* * *

Now that the Stalin rumours have got to the point where the *Daily Mail* Stockholm correspondent reports that Zhdanov has been nominated by Stalin as his successor in a "sealed letter," I'm amazed at the speed with which some papers have gone back to their old habits of printing the "inside" story of Soviet politics culled from the cafés of frontier capitals. And on more than one occasion I've noticed that very reputable journals could be more careful in checking even elementary facts about Russia. Take this example from the *South Wales Echo*:

> A great authority on Russian affairs is not satisfied that Stalin ever contemplates resigning, but is emphatic that if a successor has to be found it will be Aleksei Scherbakov, who is still in the middle forties and is now head of the political department of the Red Army. Scherbakov, he tells me, is, next to Stalin, easily the toughest man in Russia.

He must be; he died of heart paralysis on May 10th of this year, five months before this paragraph was published.

POLYCRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

A 5/- prize for the first entry in this column goes to A. E. Jenkinson.

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

"These are cultural shows. We don't need licences," said George Honiball, manager of "Wonders of the World," standing beside posters advertising the "Giraffe-necked Woman."—*News Chronicle*.

Mr. R. A. Livett, Housing Director, said to me yesterday:

"If the ghost is affecting the health of anyone in the house and a medical certificate is obtained this will be taken into account."—*Reynolds*.

"My expedition in 1934 failed only because 12 British public-school men who accompanied me wanted to return to their old life." said Stanton.—*Daily Mail*.

Mr. J. R. Toplis, who proposed "The Conservative Party," said that although he expected the Labour Party would claim credit of the 40-hour week, shortly to be introduced, the Conservatives had believed in it for a considerable time and had simply failed to put their beliefs into practice.—*Hucknall Despatch*.

Lady of Leisure desires another Appointment.—Advt. in *Belfast Telegraph*.

NEW BATTLE FOR BRITAIN

In the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries large areas of the Highlands were denuded of their inhabitants and have been depopulated ever since. The reason was to be found in the landlords' desires first for large scale sheep farms and later for grouse moors and deer forests uncontaminated by the public. In the eighteenth century large areas of English commonland were enclosed. When, however, towards the end of the nineteenth century landlords sought to enclose land in the Home Counties, they were pulled up by the efforts of public spirited men like Sir Robert Hunter. The battles of Plumstead and Berkhamsted Commons and later of Epping Forest were fought and won and in 1865 the Commons, Footpaths and Open Spaces Preservation Society was founded to deal with any future threats to commonland.

Such a threat has now arisen from the Service Departments. A few weeks ago an influential deputation, including the Lord Lieutenant of the County of Dorset and the Chairman of the County Council, three Dorsetshire M.P.s and representatives of the National Trust and the C.P.R.E. waited upon the War Office to plead for the restoration to public use of the coast of the Isle of Purbeck. This is one of the loveliest stretches of the Dorsetshire coast, including Lulworth, Worbarrow Bay and Arishmell. The area of coast and downland here occupied by the Army covers about 7,300 acres. When the land was requisitioned in 1943 for training purposes, it was stated that the occupation would be temporary only. The Army, however, refuses to relinquish and it is rumoured that some part at least of this land will be permanently retained. Mr. Lawson is said to have been courteous and sympathetic to the deputation and has promised to visit the area. In the parallel case of Harlech, however, where a gunnery range has been established in front of the Castle and part of the well-known golf course has been taken over, there has been no sympathy and precious little courtesy; there is only deadlock, which means that the War Office refuses to vacate. The Black Mountains and the Brecon Beacons are scheduled in the first list of recommended National Parks in Mr. John Dower's Report. Of these, the War Office has taken an enormous area. Farmers have been evacuated, agricultural land sterilised and vast areas of mountain and moorland closed to the public.

A proposal for opening to the public some of the loveliest wild country in England is contained in the plan for a Pennine Way starting from Edale in the Peak District in the south and running for about 250 miles along the top of the Pennines to end at Wooler in Northumberland. Part of this area is also included in Mr. Dower's list of proposed National Parks. Tank ranges now operating between Bowes and Brough cut right through the middle of this route. On either side of it concrete roads have been laid, weals left by the whip-lash of our civilisation upon the face of the fells, and the hillsides are gashed by tank traps. Instance after instance could be cited, although owing to the mania for secrecy by which the Service departments are still victimised, no published list of requisitioned areas exists. So reluctant, however, are the departments to relinquish that it is beginning to look as if a new Battle of Britain will have to be fought, to rescue from their clutches the land that they purport to have "saved."

Let me cite one or two cases which happen to be known to me. The Downs, south of a line stretching from Amberley to Washington, have been infested almost from the beginning of the war. Tanks have gouged ribbons of white out of the green slopes; along the top there runs what is to all intents and purposes a slovenly road. (At one time the War Office—I don't know if the proposal still holds—suggested with the air of conferring a benison that this road should be macadamised so that motors might make use of it.) Southwards a whole community living in and around Lee Farm under Harrow Hill on the way to Findon has been dispossessed, the farmers evicted, the cottages occupied. This is an isolated community which has lived in this fold of the Downs from time immemorial, and the farming land is among the best for many miles around.

On the Downs running eastward for miles from the Cocking Gap there are the usual War Department notices, asserting that they are being used for gunnery practice and that it is dangerous to approach when the red flag is flying. Now nobody has ever known an occasion when the red flag was *not* flying; the authorities just leave it there whether firing is taking place or not. In fact, very little firing does take place in this area—with the inevitable result that the notices are ignored. A man says to himself "It is a hundred to one chance against there being any firing; I want a walk on the Downs; I will chance it." Apart from bringing Army Regulations into contempt, this laziness in the matter of removing the red flag brings civilians into danger. I remember getting the fright of my life when, walking in a thick mist on the top of the Downs, I heard firing quite close. "They can't see me," I thought, "and this may well be the end of me."

Why court such thrills on a country walk? Because we must walk somewhere and the Sussex Downs have for generations been one of the walker's sacred places. The War Office might have left them alone. They didn't, but now that the war is over and England is no longer a country threatened with military invasion, it is not clear why it should be a country burdened with military occupation.

Or take the Pembrokeshire coast. Since the Cornish coast was ringed with an intermittent scurf of building, this is the wildest in the south country. Westward and northward from Bosherston miles of it have been taken and are in apparently permanent occupation by the Tank Corps. Farms which have been in the occupation of the same families for hundreds of years have been destroyed; old people who have lived all their lives in this one place have been turned out; first-class agricultural land has been taken over, torn to ribbons and sterilised. A famous Bird Sanctuary, The Stack Rock, is now inaccessible to the public; it has also been bombed.

Now it is difficult to resist the temptation to ask the Service Authorities who or what they are that they should take upon themselves to filch from the people of this country the land which was bequeathed to them for their enjoyment, which belongs to them and which these very Authorities purport to have saved for them.

The War Office, we are told, occupies about 500,000 acres, the Air Ministry nearly 400,000, even the Admiralty 26,000. The Air Ministry covers with vast concrete stretches acres of valuable food-growing land. According to a recent estimate by Mr. David Fairclough of the National Farmers' Union, if the 600 aerodromes in Britain were used to grow grass, 180,000 tons of high quality cattle food could be produced immediately. I find it difficult to believe that the Air Ministry still want 600 aerodromes with which to protect us. The War Office want land in order to train vast quantities of young men in the arts of mass slaughter. It is pertinent to ask why training on this scale should now be necessary. Is it thought, one wonders, that trained infantry would be a defence against atomic bombs; or that trained artillery would shoot them down in the act of dropping on us? If obsolete conceptions of military warfare are still to be entertained, why should not the training which they entail be carried out in the empty spaces of Canada, or of the depopulated Highlands, instead of in crowded England? Pilots, after all, were trained in Canada during the war. During the war many of these takings over may well have been justified. At any rate we could understand that the situation was not one in which we were entitled to ask whether they were justified or not. It was perhaps necessary to be secret even about hydroplanes on Windermere. We all know how sensitive the Services are to publicity; like Victorian spinsters going to bed, they are nervous of being approached, terrified of being observed. And so they surround themselves with barbed wire and sentries for fear that anybody should see what they are doing.

But the war is over and the need for excessive secrecy has passed. We are not as yet living under a military dictatorship and presumably we can get redress. What steps, then, can be taken to relax this stranglehold in which the service authorities have gripped so many areas of public and private land? The answer to this question raises another. What are the powers under which the authorities act?

Briefly under three Acts of Parliament. First, the Requisitioned Land and War Works Act, enabling the appropriate Ministry compulsorily to acquire in perpetuity any land on which Government war work has been carried out, or which has been damaged by Government war use. Secondly, the Supplies and Services Bill (1945), which extends the period during which land may be compulsorily acquired for another seven years while, at the same time, enabling the occupying authority to retain during this period any land in regard to which no decision has yet been made. Third, and perhaps most important, the Defence Act of 1842. This Act is unequivocal; it enables the Service Departments compulsorily to acquire and, if necessary, to purchase any land which, in their view, is necessary for defence purposes. No mention of the as yet unborn Ministry of Town and Country Planning and no suggestion in the subsequent legislation setting up that Ministry for co-ordinating its powers with those held by Defence Departments under the Act of 1942.

The matter has been fairly extensively ventilated in the Press—notably in the *News Chronicle* by Stanley Baron, who has discussed the matter with Sir Lawrence Chubb. It would appear to be a not unreasonable suggestion that, so far as the future is concerned, any land which is taken over from now onwards should be treated under the Requisitioned Land and War Works Act, the Act of 1842 being rescinded. This would mean that in the event of any further requisitioning, a public enquiry would first be held at which, before the War Works Commission set up under the Act by the Ministry of Town and Country Planning, the Service demands could be co-ordinated with those of other interests, the final decision resting with the Ministry acting upon the advice of the Commission. An admirable suggestion, but there is little in the history or the traditions of the Service Departments to suggest that they would be willing even in peacetime to submit their demands to the decision of a mere civilian Ministry. Moreover, the proposal relates only to the future. How is the leech-like grip of the Service Departments upon the million odd acres already under occupation to be relaxed?

Broadly speaking, there are two ways. One is by the decision of Parliament, England being a land in which the military is in theory still subject to the civil authority. The other is for the people to follow a course for which there are many historical precedents, and to take for themselves some of the open spaces of mountain, moorland and downland which the Service Departments refuse to relinquish. Such a step would be in the highest degree regrettable and we may hope that the Labour Government will act for those whom it represents. Indeed, I can think of no more popular policy for this Government, which must of necessity do many disagreeable things, than one designed to make the loveliest countryside in the world available to the millions from the towns who have for so many generations been disinherited of their natural heritage of beauty. Such a policy would involve the establishment of National Parks, the granting of access to uncultivated mountains and moorlands and the freeing from the clutches of the British the land which the people of England have successfully fought to save from those of the German armed forces.

C. E. M. JOAD

MOOD INDIGO

CALCUTTA, late September. The monsoon still packs a punch, massing great swollen-bellied clouds which burst in sudden thunder-showers and flood the streets a foot deep. The thermometer hovers at a steaming 93, sweat soaks through your clothes in dark unsightly patches, and you feel the fiery itch of Prickly Heat stabbing you with a thousand needles. In this atmosphere, compact of heat, damp, smell, noise and glare, the senses become blunted and you live in a kind of blur. Everything's a bother or a bore, and yourself a bundle of fuddled, apathetic reflexes.

You get used to the sight of dead bodies lying where they drop for what would seem anywhere else an indecently long time. The buffalo with its rib stove-in, lying near the kerb, will probably greet you when you pass that way to-morrow. That horse spoiling the amenities of the Maidan with its decomposing carcase, that *purée* of cats and dogs left in the wake of six-ton trucks, and that mutilated corpse of a coolie woman on the track near Howrah station—surely you passed them all this morning on your way to work. Well, life is cheap and funerals are dear; the wood required to burn a body costs at least ten rupees. Leave it to the birds, to the razor-billed kites and raw-necked vultures, efficient, cheap undertakers, though sometimes a bit unpunctual The dead lie disregarded and at peace, but the living struggle fiercely for existence in the most overcrowded city in the world. The danger here is not death but life.

To take a walk along Chowringhee, Calcutta's Oxford Street, makes you wonder what's going to happen to all these people when the troops depart. What's going to happen to people who have no nation-wide system of social security, to the hucksters and cheap-jacks, to the workers in the great shops and cinemas and restaurants, when their main source of income is cut off? You try to walk, but you're hemmed in from all sides. You want a taxi, Sahib? Here's a chap who'll whistle for you—a brat of nine or ten, filthy, almost naked, probably verminous, but smiling and eager, oh, so eager, to serve you. A couple of annas' tip goes a long way with him Failing that, a packet of chewing-gum or a cigarette. (Male and female, young and old, everyone smokes.) No taxi? Well, what about a shoe-shine, Rajah Sahib? Here we are shoe-shine boys by the million, grandson competing with granddad, yearning to anoint your sacred shoes with all the elbow-grease in India and a microscopic atom of polish Elbow-grease is cheaper than Cherry Blossom.

Or perhaps you need a razor-blade, a jack-knife, a handkerchief, wallet, button, safety pin, mirror, a flint for your lighter, hair-nets combs, bootlaces, press-studs, sun-glasses, cigarettes—or medal-ribbons? On Chowringhee you can buy anything under the sun, including the Burma Star, a decoration which has fallen into disrepute since it came to adorn the chests of base-wallahs, who never got nearer the Japs than Calcutta. Now it is called the Chowringhee Medal

By this time you'll be sweating freely and the incessant touting begins to get on your nerves. Drop in at Firpo's for a moment, a sort of Lyons Corner House, or any of the numerous Chinese restaurants, and brace yourself with tomato juice, Hamburger steak and onions, apple pie and ice cream. Notice how even the menus have been Yankeefied, how in most restaurants it is chiefly American tastes that are catered for. Genuine English or Indian dishes are hard to come by in the cafes and restaurants available to troops You're offered a stereotyped, bastardised assortment, Chow Mins and Chop Sueys, of which the only native ingredient is possibly noodles, curried fish and chips, salads and omelettes that are just not quite right. You feel that the mixture of nationalities which the war brought to Calcutta has somehow pidginised the food as well as the language.

If you are literary-minded, here on Chowringhee are the world's best books. *Frenchy*

Frolics, *The Escapades of Erotic Edna*, *The Sexual Side of Love*, *The Hindu Art of Love*, *The Pretty Girl of the Faubourg*, etc., etc. Pornography Unlimited. "Printed Filth," the local paper calls it and recently started an editorial campaign to stamp it out. But nothing has visibly changed. Nothing ever changes in that respect in Calcutta. Sex rears its hydra-head on every poster, bookstall and pavement. Brothels are out of bounds, but in spite of this contraceptives are issued free to troops on leave and there's a generous provision of Early Treatment Centres. That's the way the military mind works. And there are reported to be 40,000 prostitutes at large in and around the city.

One of the blessings of democracy is a free press, and here on the pavements of the Empire's Second City are organs of opinion in several vernacular languages as well as English. Anti-British papers like the *Hindustan Standard*, *Nationalist* and *Amrita Bazaar Patrika*, are thrust in your face, not as a political gesture, but simply to keep the wolf from the paper-wallah's door.

Keep your hand firmly on your wallet when you run the Chowringhee gauntlet, and tread warily lest you step on a sleeping citizen or a pile of dung dropped by a sacred cow who shares the pavement with you, or a banana-skin which nobody bothers to kick into the gutter. Perhaps a nation which goes barefoot and semi-nude doesn't need what we call a civic sense. Perhaps it's all a question of clothes and shoes. Keep going, Sahib! No time to philosophise. Here come the beggars. An honourable profession with its own code and traditions, practised by all and sundry. Sightless eyes, scabs and sores and quite unique deformities—you can take your pick of deserving cases. Here's a respectable woman surely, not bad-looking either, who presses a paper into your hand which tells a pitiful tale of famine and flood in some place you never heard of. If she can't crack your sales-resistance, here's a saucy little girl, with a cheeky smile and an impudent flirtatious manner. Baksheesh for the love of Buddha and my black eyes! She probably knows that she reminds you vaguely and sentimentally of a small daughter at home.

Maybe you're tired of walking? Take a taxi if you want to get anywhere quickly. Rickshaws are slow and always come off second-best in a collision. Avoid trams and buses, which are always packed to overflowing and sometimes on strike. During the recent tram strike great hardship was caused to the proletariat not only by lack of cheap transport, but also by the fact that the Red Road, one of the chief traffic arteries, along with several other short cuts across the Maidan, has been taken over by the military and is out of bounds to the citizens of Calcutta.

The war only grazed Calcutta in terms of bomb-damage, and all the paraphernalia of blast-walls, shelters and black-out have practically vanished from the main streets. But everything else remains—rationing, queues, price-control and its corollary, the Black Market, two meatless days a week and a Sales Tax corresponding to the British Purchase Tax. Cloth-rationing comes into force early in October, Scotch whiskey, like most imported goods, is scarce, and even the Burra Sahibs in their clubs are rationed to about five half-pegs per week. In spite of these restrictions, life in Calcutta to-day is much easier for the European, military and civilian, than it is at home. It is the Indian who suffers.

The times are out of joint and a feeling of uncertainty hangs over the city. Political and economic difficulties loom up over the green Bengal landscape, and nobody is quite sure how things will turn out six months or a year from now. Residents of Calcutta, Indian and European, are vitally concerned by the issues of Home Rule, Pakistan and Sterling Balances. Food (and the prevention of another famine) is the overriding priority for the Administration and for the vast "submerged tenth" hidden somewhere out of bounds.

The next few months will see a large exodus of Europeans. Hotels and camps are jammed with soldiers and civilians waiting for transport. Auction-rooms are packed with cherished household goods and among troops there is an orgy of last-minute shopping, with a boom in handbags, carpets and rugs. Mr. Lawson's flying visit and the recent fiats on demobilisation have produced an atmosphere of "Goodbye to all that" which adds to the feeling of general impermanence. And so, on the eve of departure, we look with perhaps a more tolerant eye on the intolerable scene—on the bribery and corruption, on the lights that fail and the parcels that go astray, on the lavatory chains that won't work and the taps which give no water, on the stinking rubbish heaps, and the destitute people scrabbling in refuse-bins, on the emaciated bodies of children and the sleek well-fed rats waddling in the gutters of cockroach-ridden Calcutta.

L. K. Parlow

SENIOR PAINTERS

Miller's at Lewes are showing a collection of pastels by Simon Bussy. (And if there were similar galleries in every county town the benefit to both artists and public would be immeasurable.) Like his contemporaries Matisse, Marquet and Rouault, Simon Bussy was a pupil of Gustave Moreau. He is peculiarly interesting because he has chosen to follow such an isolated course. He reacted no less vigorously than his fellow pupils against Impressionism and towards considered design, but whereas they take every liberty with the appearance of their subjects, he emphasises the design already inherent in nature, ingeniously contrasting, for instance, the colours and contours of a bird with those of the leaves among which it perches. To this extent he can be called a realist, in the sense that we apply the word to Chinese flower-painters and to Persian miniaturists (with whom Guillaume Apollinaire compared him). The pastels now on show at Miller's are studies from life preparatory to paintings in which these forms are related to landscapes and buildings. But in their own right they are remarkable works of art. Nobody else, so far as I know, has used pastel so definitely: M. Bussy contrives to make it as precise as gouache or tempera, exploiting at the same time the bloom particular to this medium. The resulting works have a purity that belongs to a less anguished age than ours. Indeed, to find a European equivalent one might have to go back to the fifteenth century. The birds and fish are realised with an intensity that comes from singleness of eye—a virtue analogous to singleness of heart. Miller's must be congratulated on selecting this still too little known, so original and lonely artist. It is curious, even shocking, that the blinkers imposed by custom have hitherto prevented a more general recognition of his extraordinary gifts.

If I call Sir William Nicholson essentially an agreeable painter, I shall be thought disparaging—so crazy has become the distrust of pleasure. That the Age in which we live should drive painters to express despair or misanthropy is very comprehensible, although it has always been the habit of almost all painters to reveal their delight in the visible world. But surely we should be thankful that Sir William (in this respect like M. Bussy) is impelled to paint by his enjoyment of what he sees. His works, now to be seen in the gallery next the Redfern (its name is too long and clumsy to remember) are most of them not recent. They translate the artist's pleasure in landscape, architecture and flowers. The taste is exquisite, the accomplishment such that the artist never needs to take refuge in undue emphasis. Consequently the work may seem insipid to palates spoiled by the type of contemporary painting that resembles Australian burgundy. I do not mean that Sir William is a great painter; but he is an uncommonly fine one. In the same gallery there is a very choice assembly of French drawings.

At the St. George's Gallery a number of water-colours by Miss Frances Hodgkins, another senior artist, represent the work she was doing some fifteen years ago. The colour is less inventive than in her later gouaches, but the drawing and the vision it translates are admirable.

Roger Marvell

TWO PLAYS

I envy experienced critics their freedom from doubts. In the bar of The Lyric, Hammersmith, sandwiching drinks between Euripides and Thornton Wilder, everybody seemed quite certain. "A mass of errors . . . Astanax with the accent on the first syllable." But the more I thought about that quantity the more doubtful I became. "A mixture of styles. You mustn't mix styles." True, but I suppose in a sense the object of the producer was to separate the gods from mortals by deliberately stylising the former, a helpful clarification when acting Euripides, whose gods are too mortally jealous and tetchy to be distinguished by haloes. Perhaps Marie Ney overdoes the realism in her performance of Hecuba, and too painfully suggests the agony of feeling lacerated by disaster till it can no longer respond. But the traditional Junoesque railing is provided by Andromache, played with great beauty and power by Miss Eileen Herlie, and the two styles gain strength by contrast. Moreover, the whole is given congruity by the Chorus, who spoke and acted with feeling and dignity between the graceful movements of their ballet, making us believe indeed that though they now stood as slaves in their peasant gowns, they "once walked delicately the paths of Troy." "But the modern dress—in Euripides . . . it entirely prevents the realisation of the Greek spirit." It so happens that Greek draperies do not particularly help me to realise the Greek spirit either, reminding me as they do more of *Punch* cartoons of Britannia and ink-stained illustrations in my school Thucydides.

In this play Euripides was pointing at the Athenians who, the year before this play was written, had massacred the men of Melos and sold their women as slaves. Perhaps any device is permissible which brings out the modern parallel, warning the victor imprisoned in the conquered territory that "if he gazes too long into the abyss, in the end the abyss will gaze into him."

If Euripides still retains his ancient power of stirring his audience to argument, there is no temptation to expand about *The Happy Journey to Trenton and Camden*. Thornton Wilder's short glimpse of a small-town family in a week-end car is too completely successful. It is played on an empty, undraped stage with such dexterously observed miming that we scarcely notice the absence of props. In spite of the fact that the production was by Eric Crozier, who was responsible for a successful television version before the war, I must say that I found the less experienced performance by the R.A.D.A. earlier this year as amusing, and as moving. For a mixed evening of experiment, intelligent imperfections, and excellences, the double bill at the Lyric Hammersmith is strongly recommended.

Stephen Potter

THE MOVIES

"The House on 92nd Street," not yet released

"Palestine Problem," at the Empire

This is an off-week, and I shall give space to a film which was shown to the press weeks ago but has yet to find a cinema. If I leave it much longer my memory may begin to play tricks.

Imagine, then, an issue of "The March of Time": subject, the F.B.I. in wartime; the hard agglomeration of fact; the road-drill style; the voice—prolong to three or four times the usual length, throw in a fictional climax, and there you have *The House on 92nd Street*. Its revelations—this gives it a haunting topicality—include Nazi attempts to transmit to Germany the secrets of the atom bomb day by day as experiment advances. Both as a documentary of F.B.I. methods and as a thriller on a new level *The House on 92nd Street* fascinates and thrills. Sensational realism is Hollywood's discovery from the war, and what could be more exciting than this unsuspected battle on the home front? A man is killed in a street accident; his finger-prints go down to the finger-print room; within two minutes the automatic card-index system has shuffled the wanted card out of its vast dossier. After that, nothing in the way of organisation surprises us. The moral is that spying doesn't pay. Every movement to and from the German Embassy (these are actual telephoto shots taken in New York before Pearl Harbour) is photographed by concealed cameras;

the F.B.I. man uses an X-ray mirror to see into a room without being seen; and on the declaration of war all enemy agents except a half-dozen at the top are pulled in immediately. There is a mysterious Mr. Christopher whom the police and the leading agents themselves can't identify. This seems to tally rather too closely with fiction to be quite persuasive, but the tension of those last few days when the spy-ring is finally broken preserves a ruthless inevitability. How there could be a leakage of the secret more carefully guarded than any other during the war, what the fashion-parlour and the bookshop had to do with it, and who Mr. Christopher is, I leave to the thrill-addicts who will overflow round *The House on 92nd Street* when it finds a home. Lloyd Nolan and William Eythe give performances in keeping with the F.B.I. men who set the tone of the film, and as a female spy Signe Hasso is by no means all we've learnt to expect. Her methods are incisive and brutal. She doesn't even fall in love with the detective who is out to get her dead or alive.

And here is " The March of Time " itself, in its tenth year, giving us the low-down on Palestine. Unluckily this is one of the occasions when it weakens its authority by an obvious display of bias. *Palestine Problem* does not present the problem at all, but makes a vigorous restatement of the Zionist case. Jewish accomplishment in the reclamation of land, in agriculture, irrigation, medicine, science and industry, is lavishly and no doubt accurately reported. The Arabs are shown to us in a couple of sequences as nomads round a camp fire and as wealthy rentiers sipping tea. Hard-working, able Jew: parasitic Arab. In giving this lop-sided view, " The March of Time " is perhaps only following American public opinion, but it is doubly unfortunate that the release of this film in England should come at the present time. Ominously this misleading and unhelpful little film ends with parades of the fighting men on both sides.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

RADIO NOTES

THE Press Conference on Television revealed nothing very encouraging for those who burn to see once more the brown dots spread, like a net of starlings, over the milk glass and gradually resolve themselves into the agued semblance of a face or a scene. The rush of improvements we had been led to expect turn out to have been, if not a myth, at least destined to be slow of realisation. Indeed, the conference appeared to have been called chiefly in order to warn us of what we need not expect to get. So not much improvement in the standard of television for some time to come; sets will either be pre-war or will conform to that pattern, which will not soon be superseded; owing partly to the stock of existing sets and models, the size of the visual field will remain as miserable as ever; no date can yet be foreseen for the opening of the new service, which will be a single one, relayed from London to a certain (it is hoped, increasing) number of provincial stations; though there will also be a series of Outside Broadcasts independent of the main programme. Since good reception of television still only extends to a radius of about forty miles from the transmitter, the number of people able to receive the programmes is bound, at first, to be restricted.

The most depressing part of this news, I should have thought, concerns the size of the visual field. Beyond a certain point, no doubt, there is no object (as the cinema long ago discovered) in increasing the dimensions of the screen; but there is equally a minimum size below which the picture becomes uncomfortably cramped. The feeling of " miniature," of peering into a *camera obscura*, which was so tedious a feature of pre-war television, must be overcome before the picture appears life-size and any illusion of reality is achieved. In studio performances this drawback might be less felt and even, in certain cases, be turned to advantage; but in Actuality features it would remain grave. And Actualities, for the present at any rate, are unquestionably the most attractive form of televised programme.

The prospect is therefore not very inviting, and we are left to derive what comfort we can from the breezy self-confidence of the new Director of Television, Mr. M. A. C. Gorham, whose qualifications for the post were set out for us on a sheet of flimsy. Apart from being a professional journalist, who directed the Light Programme since its recent inception, who lives with his sister in a flat in Westminster, Mr. Gorham's aptitude for his new job must be inferred from the following account of his attainments :—

> " He works in his shirtsleeves at the B.B.C., and his scanty leisure is spent studying that characteristic English institution, the public house. His only published book to date is entitled 'The Local.' Mr. Gorham is a boxing fan, an amateur criminologist and has walked from London to Brighton."

RECOMMENDATIONS.—*Nov. 18th.* " Music Magazine " (11.0 a.m.); Concert, B.B.C. Orchestra (2.30).

Nov. 19th. Records of Albeniz, Granados, Falla (9.30 a.m. each day of week); Henry Purcell Commemoration Concert (6.45); " Man in Society " (Opinions Made and Measured, 7.30).

Nov. 21st. " Schwanda the Bagpiper " (7.30); " Bal Musette " (Accordion music from Paris, 10.10 p.m., L.P.); Henry Purcell (Second Concert, 11.20 p.m.).

Nov. 22nd. Ode on St. Cecilia's Day (Third Purcell Concert, 7.25 p.m.).

Nov. 23rd. " Atoms," by Sam Lilley, Ph.D. (3.0, L.P.); " Red Plush " (Early Operatic Gramophone Records, 3.30); " The Making of a Poem " (Cecil Day Lewis, 11.30 p.m.); Villa-Lobos (Records, 11.45).

Nov. 24th. " A Home with Trees " (Talk, 5.0).

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

THE BARTÓK QUARTETS

" OF course, it's a tough nut to crack!"—that is the sort of remark one overheard at the Wigmore Hall during the recent Boosey and Hawkes concerts, at which (and with what admirable enterprise!) the six string quartets of Béla Bartók have been played in sequence. And " tough nuts," of course, they are! Indeed, some of the rapid movements, particularly those in Nos. 3, 4 and 5, conform with an almost comical precision to the notion of " chamber music " entertained by those people who write indignant letters to the *Radio Times*. In these movements Bartók gave full rein to those aspects of his powerful personality least calculated to endear him to the lover of " Tuesday Serenade ": the determination to get percussive effects even out of such very unpercussive instruments as those of a string quartet; the preference for close intervals expressed in fistfuls of major and minor seconds; the curious exploration of such new kinds of sonority as are obtained by simultaneous *glissandi* in contrary motion, *pizzicati* so violent that the string rebounds off the finger-board, the use of the wooden back of the bow, and even, at one point, the playing of four notes " *pizzicato* with the nail of the first finger at the upper end of the string." An unmusical sceptic who wandered into the Wigmore Hall (or into the National Gallery, where the whole series is now being repeated) might well conclude that the audiences, though full of distinguished musicians, were nevertheless the victims of some sort of delusion.

He would be utterly wrong. It is neither a delusion, nor an accident, that to musicians all over the world Bartók's recent death seemed to have removed the most vital of contemporary composers. He may perhaps remain in part a musician's composer; just as there are regions of Henry James that are really accessible only to writers. Most lay ears (and I

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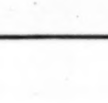

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certainly include my own) do not willingly submit to the furiously stamping Magyar rhythms of those allegros of his, nor to their barbarous dissonances. But examination reveals that nothing in these scores is merely wilful, that the construction is tight, and the tissue alive; in fact, that they are profitable and endlessly fascinating objects of study. True, if there were no more than that to be said, the plain man would be justified in dismissing them at a first hearing, and placing them—either reverently or impatiently according to his temperament—on the shelf marked "for professional musicians only." But there is far more than that to be said. Although my own natural affinities in music are for a style almost precisely opposite to that of Bartók, there are yet many movements in these quartets which can arouse, once my ear has grown accustomed to them, a vivid apprehension of their beauty. Indeed the whole of the Sixth is masterly in far more than a formal sense; seeming to proceed from a passionate inward-looking concentration, interspersed with fantastic or ironic glimpses of the external world, which is unlike anything else except perhaps late Beethoven or certain late poems of Yeats. It is curious that, in this last of the series (1939), Bartók should have reverted, though in a more subtilised manner, to a complex of emotions recognisably similar to those of the First Quartet (1907).

The fugue which opens No. 1 reaches a contemplative level which enables it to be named in the same breath as the Fugue in Beethoven's *C sharp minor*; and even in the central quartets, Nos. 3 and 4—which are generally reckoned the "toughest nuts" of all—there are three slow movements which (once mere prejudice is dismissed) will speak directly to the heart. But it may perhaps be misleading to discuss Bartók's music at all in the customary terms of "heart" and "head." There are regions of intellectual enquiry—as mathematicians, astronomers and philosophers are aware—which seem to conjugate both faculties, or rather to reach a pitch where they merge into one; and it is precisely towards these regions that we feel ourselves drawn in late Beethoven and in these works of Bartók. The movement which I believe, if we only had the chance to hear it often enough, we should find most accessible of all is the central slow movement of the Fourth Quartet. Here, while the three upper strings sustain strange, haunting chords, like an Aeolian harp, the cello indulges in a wild rhapsody, which is like a remote and unkempt cousin of the slow movement in the Brahms *Clarinet Quintet*. Give this movement a picturesque name, isolate it from the rest of the Quartet—and it might even become popular. It is flanked by two of those scherzos which are perhaps the next sort of Bartók movement to which our ears grow accustomed: shimmering spiders' webs of tone which delight first the intelligence and then the sense. Working "outwards" again from these (for No. 4, like No. 5, is constructed in "arch" form), we come to the first and last movements: a pair of allegros which still seem to me, I confess, like the hedge of thorns which surrounded the sleeping beauty.

But as we listen day after day to quartet after arduous quartet, a curious thing happens: even towards the "ugliest" movements our feelings change from repulsion to reluctant interest, and then to—what? Perhaps in due course to admiration; but even good musicians find a Bartók score difficult to realise, and stray performances are not enough. Alas! only the first two quartets are recorded; and of them No. 1 has been deleted, and No. 2 is about to suffer the same fate. How badly we need a recording of the whole set! In the meantime the student is advised to get hold of Gerald Abraham's article in the October *Music and Letters*, which, though all too short, is far the most illuminating discussion of this music which I have seen.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

Correspondence

"THE FRENCH CASE"

SIR,—Mr. Crossman says truly that we owe a reasoned reply to General de Gaulle's case for detaching the Rhineland and Ruhr from the Reich. The General argues that Germans cannot be expected to acquiesce for ever in the loss of their Eastern provinces: therefore, it is necessary to render the Reich for all time impotent, by depriving it of its only considerable industrial region, which he proposes to place permanently under some form of international suzerainty. The logic of this proposal is as faulty as it is harsh. By adding yet another injury to the monstrous penalty already inflicted on this nation in the East, it makes it certain that Germans will never take their place as contented members of the European family: they will always have to be held down by force. That will be an easy, if repugnant, task so long as the Western Powers remain allies, or to put it in another way, so long as the United Nations' Organisation functions. Faced with that overwhelming concentration of force, armed as it can be with the atomic bomb, a disarmed and ruined Germany is, and will be, so helpless that it is ludicrous to invent further precautions. France will be in danger again only if the alliance and the U.N.O. break up. In that event, what measure of security could she derive from the international control of the Ruhr? The war that she and we have to fear will be settled at long range by the new weapon.

There is no safety for France or for us save by advancing through the U.N.O. to the reality of World Government. By putting our trust in such obsolete devices as General de Gaulle advocates we shall delay that advance and prevent the growth in Europe of the social morality which alone can save us. Peace is a world-wide problem which has to be settled at Washington and Moscow. What we do at Essen and Berlin will not ensure it, though it may poison the life of Europe for a generation to come.

The real problem of Germany and the Ruhr is no longer military but social and economic. Its political health cannot be ensured until the magnates who still own its coal and its heavy industries are dispossessed, and with them the land-owning caste. But the most urgent and desperate question that faces us is how the population of a truncated Reich is to live, after an additional twelve million inhabitants have been packed into its already densely peopled space. From this standpoint the French plan is disastrous. The Rhineland and Ruhr, retaining many of their industries, would eventually be able to import food from abroad, even if a large volume of their exports were earmarked for reparations. But the torso of the dismembered Reich could neither feed its swollen population from its own soil, nor could it build up an export trade that would enable it to import food. General de Gaulle has indeed stipulated that some of the coal of the Ruhr may be exported across the new frontier to the Reich. But he has not explained how the diminished Reich is to pay for its imports not merely of coal, but of new machinery to equip its gutted factories, raw materials and food as well. This little pastoralised Reich could achieve equilibrium and an approach to self-sufficiency only after many millions of its population had perished in famine.

If dismemberment is discarded as a policy, irrelevant in the military sense, which spells economic ruin to Central Germany, we have still to consider what form of international control we propose for the heavy industries of the Ruhr. Two purposes have to be kept in view. First, these plants must neither manufacture arms nor conduct research in new methods of warfare. Secondly, they should be so organised as to serve the common good of Europe, a term which includes Germany as well as her neighbours. This coalfield, with its great industries, its skilled workers and its able technicians, is an asset which we should seek to develop to the utmost of its capacity. To think of control in a negative sense

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—WORLD-WIDE COVER

ould be a mistake. What is needed is not an external ower which forbids, inspects and levies a tribute. What we should seek to discover is a creative and rganic control, which will elicit their best efforts om all engaged in the industry. They will not give heir best if they must work as the subjects and ibutaries of foreign Powers. Then can we make hem partners in an international enterprise?

The clue to a happy solution lies in the fact that he Ruhr coalfield is part of a geological complex, hich includes the iron-ore of Luxemburg and French orraine, together with the coal of Belgium, Dutch imburg, the Pas de Calais and the Saar. Instead f imposing an external control on the German section f this complex, could we not organise all its mines, of on as well as coal, together with its basic industries, nder a single international consortium or public rporation? The French certainly and the Belgians robably will socialise their mines: the German rivate owners ought also to be dispossessed. Ownership would then pass to an international corporation, hose shares would be held by the governments of rance, Belgium, Luxemburg, Holland and Germany. hese governments would appoint the managing oard, on which representatives of the workers and e international consumers should also sit. Its roducts should be rationed to meet the needs of all e West European peoples. For a term of years, ermany's share in its profits might be assigned to parations. The gain in efficiency from this amalmation should alone suffice to recommend it. This lan offers an absolute safeguard against a revival of erman militarism, and this it does without rerawing frontiers or disturbing the allegiance of the erman population to its fatherland. Best of all, it ould serve as a model of international co-operation, hich would go far to integrate the economic life f Europe.* There is a better promise here of peace han in de Gaulle's project of dismemberment and alkanisation. H. N. **Brailsford**

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* For details see my "Penguin," *Our Settlement ith Germany*, p. 127.

GERMAN CHILDREN

Sir,—Amongst the many grave and urgent roblems awaiting treatment in Central Europe there s one that must by any calculation be given a large hare of precedence. This is the disposal of the hildren of Germany. They must surely be exempt anyone's mind from responsibility, blame and unishment. They are the neighbours of the future longside whom our own children must live. They re the only means of securing the continued existence f a Germany which is necessary to Europe.

Yet at the same time it seems that there can be no exception to the rule that control must be in the hands of the military and that both materials and personnel are unavoidably so inadequate for the enormous tasks in hand that only first priorities can be tackled. These are food, shelter and fuel. It is reported freely that in spite of the conscientious—indeed generous—efforts of soldiers of all ranks to cope with the situation, they foresee that thousands, including children, must die this winter simply for lack of these necessities. In face of this grim fact they may be excused for feeling that education of any sort is a matter for the future.

But the question presents itself pressingly whether provision and protection, administered however solicitously by the British Army to a passive generation of German children, can solve any problem for that generation. Is it not merely shelving and accentuating the problem? For the Army must some time withdraw from the role of feeding and housing the children and leave them all the more defenceless by reason of having sheltered them.

Nothing specifically is being done to give these children a sense that their future depends on some effort of their own. Sooner or later this task must be undertaken and the sooner the better. Admittedly, it must not be allowed to detract from the urgent task in hand, which is to save avoidable loss of life. But, clearly, the action here proposed could take place concurrently with advantage and without hindering other efforts.

There are thousands of people in this country, German-speaking and with the right educational outlook, who would be prepared to form themselves into teams of 6 to 10 and take over groups of 60 to 100 children containing a proportion of 10-14 age range. Evacuation experience in this country has shown that with the sketchiest accommodation such small communities can not only survive but flourish. They can build, enlarge and improve their accommodation, they can make themselves in great measure self-supporting in the matter of food, they can split up into sub-groups and absorb new members in large numbers once they have started. They need rations at the outset, but these they would have to have in any case, and such communities would be by their nature more economical than under Army administration.

Everything is in favour of such a scheme. It could at the outset touch only the fringe of the problem. It would in its nature be only a relatively short-lived expedient, but it would open a thoroughfare towards the sane regeneration of Germany, it would bring hope and self-reliance to a lost generation of German children and would allay the frustration of many thousands here who want nothing better than to "lay down their nets" for a worthier task.

There is need for a quick response from official circles. The news report did not mention that of the first thousand children involved in the Operation Stork 88 were left behind on the platform being too weak to risk their lives in travelling. How many will be fit to join the fiftieth thousand?

It may be that the appropriate Government authority would react to evidence that the desire to serve in some such way is widespread. For that reason and because no other grouping exists that is active in the direction proposed, I ask those who would join in such pioneer work in Germany to let me know. **Andrew Tomlinson**

The Beltane School,
Melksham, Wilts.

DEMOBILISATION

Sir,—Amidst all the furore of correspondence in the national press on the subject of home leave and demobilisation of the Forces, the sad case of the non-regular British officers and men of the Indian Army is never mentioned. Compared with British Service personnel *attached* to the Indian Army, we suffer from many serious disabilities and disadvantages; the only original difference between the two categories was either that we happened to be in India when the war began, or we voluntarily transferred to the Indian Army early in the war, long before such matters as home leave and demobilisation were thought of. We have now been away from our homes and families in England for upwards of seven long years (of which, in most cases, at least five or six years represent military service in operational areas or in hot, humid and thoroughly unhealthy climates). We are not entitled either to repatriation or to home leave, but must "sweat it out" in India for our eighth unbroken year, until we are demobilised. Officers and men of the British Service (i.e., men who happened to be in England when the war started) obtain repatriation after a mere 3 years 8 months foreign service, having already in many cases enjoyed home leave on one or more occasions during that period.

There are many individual hardships involved in the demobilisation and repatriation programme, some of them unavoidable; but the situation of officers and men condemned to remain for their eighth year in the stagnant Indian Army backwater is among the most trying and least advertised. Representations to the Army authorities here in India are quite barren of results. I hope it is not too much to ask that the British public should at long last demand some action towards our repatriation. The difference between

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our seven or eight years of foreign service and the average soldier's three and a half years is too great, and would not be countenanced were we in a position to put forward our case in England itself. You will also understand the consternation with which we regard suggestions that our repatriation should be even further delayed by the release of servicemen in England before they become due under their age-service groups.

Strategic Branch, **F. C. Slinger**
Geological Survey of India.

"BLACKOUT IN BUSH HOUSE"

Sir,—The antithesis between the "British point of view" and the "British Council point of view" is hardly fair. The Council is not concerned with political issues, but that does not mean that it does not faithfully reflect the British point of view. By its publications, films, recordings, exhibitions, lecturers, visitors, overseas students, institutes, etc., it does bring other peoples into closer touch with British ideals and practice, from Fine Arts to Trade Unionism, from electoral methods to the manufacture of steel. It provides the background against which a fuller understanding of political issues may be understood. After all, the "British point of view" is the product of the "British way of life."

In Ritchie Calder's article, "Science and World Government," rightful praise is given to the splendid work of Dr. Joseph Needham in China. It is surely only right that your readers should know that he is the Director of the British Council Cultural Scientific Office in Chungking, and a full-time officer of the British Council. Surely, in the fine work which he is doing, he is reflecting a not unworthy aspect of the British point of view. **Charles Wilmot,**

Director of Information Services,
The British Council,
3 Hanover Street,
London, W.1.

BRITAIN'S FORESTS

Sir,—In your issue of November 3rd you published an article by a Correspondent on "Britain's Forests." Much might be said, but I would like to comment on the application of the article to the Lake District.

First, your correspondent says that poor land under trees employs up to 40 men per 1,000 acres. On the much advertised Hardknott Estate of the Forestry Commission at the head of the Duddon Valley, which consists of some 1,500 plantable acres, not 60 men have found employment during the last 11 years, but some six—with a variation of one or two in either direction.

Your correspondent glanced approvingly at the "recently announced forest park" in Eskdale and the Duddon Valley; but this again is hardly a public benefit. His "campers and other visitors who come to enjoy the magnificent scenery and to observe something of Britain's forests" have always enjoyed the magnificent scenery, but will enjoy it less for looking at it through or over sitka spruce. Under great pressure from public opinion, the Forestry Commission has undertaken not to plant in the Eskdale part of its Hardknott estate; and now it pleads that by calling the Duddon side of the watershed a "forest park" it has increased public access and brought hidden beauty into public recognition. Actually, in so far as there is planting, access is hampered; where the fells, on the higher levels, are still open and unplanted, there is no change.

And as concerns building of any accommodation for visitors, the Commission's recently appointed Advisory Committee advised most wisely that if—which it did not recommend—there was to be any building at all in so remote and unspoiled an area of great beauty, then this ought to be lower down the dale and should be kept out of the Forestry Commission's own territory.

The net result in the Duddon Valley is a small loss of access and a considerable loss of natural beauty. For the Forestry Commission to claim these results to their credit shows a poor sense of humour.

The Commission is now under the control, in ultimate policy, of the Minister of Agriculture. Here is a splendid opportunity for the Minister to preserve the actual head of the Duddon from planting, to join it with the neighbouring sheep-run at the head of Eskdale—itself saved from planting already—and on these two famous sheep farms in the two dale heads to conduct on his own land a most valuable experiment in hill sheep farming. For Brotherelkeld and Black Hall are both famous fell farms, and to stop the decrease of our sheep population—sprung ultimately from these hill stocks—is an urgent need.

H. H. Symonds
Hon. Secretary, Friends of the Lake District.

PASTEURISATION

Sir,—It would be interesting to see an article in The New Statesman and Nation on the case against pasteurisation. Meanwhile, here are a few relevant facts.

While pasteurisation may kill the germs in milk, it does not remove their dead bodies nor their excretory products. The number of these dead bodies may be in the order of a million per cubic centimetre.

Milk-borne epidemics can occur among drinke of pasteurised milk, e.g., typhoid in Montreal in 1927

I understand that a trial at Dr. Barnardo's Hom showed that boys on pasteurised milk had a greate incidence of T.B. than boys on unpasteurised mil when their diets were otherwise similar.

And here are some relevant viewpoints.

The pasteurisation of milk enables milk to be sol which would otherwise have soured.

Granted there is not much vitamin C in milk, is very often the main source for children whose di is not supplemented. In addition, about a quarter the calcium in milk is lost by pasteurisation.

Universal compulsory pasteurisation would interfe with liberty of people who prefer to consum uncooked foods (with "uncooked" used in bot senses).

There seems to be a far stronger case for th prohibition of the sale of deleterious patent medicine over the counter than for the prohibition of the sal of milk which would proclaim its age and uncleanlines by going sour. **Bernard Loshak**

P.S.—I have no cows and sell no milk.

Hill Farm, Boxford, Colchester, Essex.

NEWS AND CONTACTS

Sir,—In 1937, while serving with the Internationa Brigade in Spain, I sent you an appeal on behalf the English-speaking members and myself fo used copies of your paper to be sent out to us. remember that the response was really wonderful

Letters and papers poured in from all parts of th British Isles. Again I crave your indulgence, thi time for English-speaking members of U.N.R.R.A

On their behalf, may I state they are doing a really magnificent job of work.

They are clearing up the human misery left in th wake of Fascism, unselfishly playing their part i preparing for the better world we all want so much

We are all hungry for news. All letters and paper with addresses will be acknowledged.

C/o U.N.R.R.A., **Chas. F. Morgan**
A.P.O. 757, Camp Hohenfels,
U.S. Army Overseas.

"WHAT IS A BUS FOR?"

Sir,—While accepting the conclusions of you leading article, "What is a Bus For?" may I poin out that the L.P.T.B. is not a socialised institution, bu a hybrid. Though limitations are imposed on them, its directors must still aim at a profit. A bus, to answer your question, is a contrivance on four wheels that earns a restricted dividend. **Passenger**

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(Shortly)

Oxford University Press
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BOOKS IN GENERAL

"And how do you like London ?"
"How can we help being enchanted, when we are surrounded by the angels of Paradise ?"

The question was constant, the reply invariable taste if not in form ; it gave pleasure naturally, t scarcely rings true ; in fact the Persian Princes ere seldom enchanted, and then usually by the rong things. They had never left Persia before d would not have left it now but for family sputes, and only escaped by the skin of their eth. (Timour had shot their way out of the leaguered city of Sheerauz, and owed his own e to the "three thick flaps of bread" he rried, in which an enemy musket ball lodged.) Repair to England," counselled their father in s last letter; "throw yourselves on the nerosity of its sovereign, and, with your hands pon his skirt, implore his protection and sistance." Naïve advice, for had they not nspired with him against the new Shah, whom e British Government supported? Settled Mivart's Hotel, Brook Street, with their o servants and an interpreter—for they uld not speak a word of English—they uld have preferred to stay quietly indoors, lling in bed or squatting on the sofa, ceiving visitors, composing little verses and specting merchandise brought round to them om the shops, while Timour, the youngest the three brothers, occupied himself with etching, "copying prints or colouring them, making most extraordinary figures of living ings out of the resources of his own imagina-on." But kind Mr. Fraser would not let them . Having travelled in Persia and written books out it, he saw that this was where he came , and did himself "the honour of calling to y his respects." It was not long before he had ade them officially his own ; they were, "in uth, the first *Asiatic* Princes who ever visited is country" ; might they not, perhaps, provide aterial for another book ?[*] Diligent, con-ientious, tactful and patient, if one had desired guide one could not have wished a better one ; distressed him to see them wasting their—and rhaps his—unique opportunity by idling about "sleeping away their hours," as he put it ; he as determined that they should be both enter-ined and educated, and though he got, in the ocess, almost as many headaches as he gave, e took them everywhere, he did them proud.

No sooner had the Wali—for so was Prince ejeff Koolee Meerza, the middle brother, titled—reached London, as emissary to Prince eza, who remained with Timour where they d all halted, in Bath, than the round of pleasures egan, and Mr. Fraser carried him off to "a spec-cle which, to a European, is probably one of e most striking and interesting that London ffords—the anniversary assembly of the charity ildren in St. Paul's cathedral" ; though, as e thoughtfully adds, "perhaps to the untrained nceptions of an Oriental, its effect might be o confounding and overwhelming to be perfectly mprehensible." The Wali was about thirty ars old, small and slender ; a Georgian mother e was half-brother to Reza and Timour) had dowed him with light hair and blue eyes, hile he himself cultivated and cherished a long eard to dignify his status as the most learned of e three, of whom he was also the least agreeable attractive. His manner was morose, his voice uff ; he wore a hat like a tea-cosy and a volu-inous Arab cloak. In St. Paul's :—

> The sight was most magnificent. The divisions of children in their various liveries rising in regular gradation, row upon row, under the immense dome, and forming as it were a lining to its contour, resembled the calyx of some prodigious flower ; while the floor beneath, covered with a crowd of beautifully dressed people, looked like a richly variegated pavement to this great cup. . . .

The Wali was very short-sighted but, something of a charity child himself, he may well have been affected by the spectacle of the English drawing God's attention to their charitableness by spreading it out before Him. "He said little ; but it was obvious that he was deeply impressed with the whole solemnity," particularly when, "on the commencement of the service, this prodigious concourse of little ones struck up at once the simple but most beautiful notes of the hundredth psalm." He received "a gracious acknowledgment" from the Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria, who were present ; but during the reading of the lesson and prayers his attention was seen to flag ; "the full effect of the spectacle had been produced, and at the end of the second lesson I thought it more prudent to withdraw him." On the drive home, he caught sight of some wax busts in a hairdresser's window. "*Een che cheezee-ust ?*—What are those ?" he exclaimed, in a loud voice, starting forward from his seat : "*Ajaib cheezee-ust !*—These are wonderful things !" Poor Mr. Fraser had received his first lesson.

But nothing daunted, hit or miss, he patiently, indefatigably persevered ; the opera, the Horticultural Society's flower show at Chiswick, dinner with Sir R. I., an evening party at the Marchioness of S's, the Caledonian Ball, Mrs. W. L.'s déjeuner, the Zoological Gardens, the art exhibition at Somerset House—he was soon in his stride, and the Princes (the others had now joined the Wali) had scarcely what they most desired, a moment to themselves. Grisi was singing at the opera, Peel and Wellington were at the Marchioness of S.'s, and the charity children reappeared at the Caledonian Ball, clad now in kilts and bonnets, and played in by a giant piper in full tartans. This last "novel sight" gratified wild young Timour, and a pibroch afforded the eldest prince a melancholy satisfaction ("*Ai wahi ! Ai wahi !*") by reminding him of his own country's music—"although an enthusiastic Highlander might not be altogether pleased with the comparison," remarks Mr. Fraser, who had the same opinion of Eastern music as the Princes had of ours. The opera bored them (though "God grant she does not fall !" they cried out loudly when Grisi made "her hazardous transit across the beam from the window of the mill" in the *Sonnambula*), so did Balls and Routs ; they were indifferent to the charms of the English country and openly contemptuous of the animals in the Zoo (excepting the giraffes, which they had never seen before) ; they disdained lobsters and turtle soup. But Mr. Fraser had his successes ; they liked the Diorama, Madame Tussaud's, Vauxhall's Illuminated Gardens, Charlotte Russe, shrimps, jewellers' shops, and the Panorama of London in the Regent's Park Coliseum, to which they ascended "by steam in the cylinder," and which they infinitely preferred to the real view of the city obtained from the top. On the other hand, the Thames Tunnel failed dismally to impress, until they understood that "the river was actually flowing, and ships sailing, over them," when the Wali exclaimed, "Eh ! and perhaps it may burst down upon us and drown us ! Let us be off !"; and try as Mr. Fraser might to persuade them to improve their minds by visiting factories in the Midlands, they firmly refused. Flowers delighted them, however, and they hurried towards them in the parks and gardens to touch and pet each bud and blossom ; but why were the people not enjoying such pretty places ? Why had they not spread their carpets on the velvet grass in the shade, to recline there far into the night and "drink their wine to the sound of instruments ?"

Singular figures in their Eastern robes, they disliked being stared at, but were also afraid of not receiving the attention and respect to which they were accustomed—especially the grave Prince Reza, who was about 32, and carried a jewelled dagger in his girdle. At the Caledonian Ball, annoyed with being jostled by the crowd, he hid behind a door, but unhappily chose a bad one, for it was that by which H.R.H. the Landgravine of Hesse Hombergh was due to enter, and he was particularly anxious to avoid contact with other royalty and their conflicting claims to recognition. However, the Landgravine rushed through without noticing him. But Timour had no such cares. A handsome, gay and dashing young warrior, he elbowed his way brusquely through the crowds of "*élégantes* and fashionables," shouted over their heads to his brothers, and had to be reproved by Mr. Fraser. Military displays and gunsmiths' shops were Timour's chief delight, and he was only with difficulty extracted from the latter to attend the social functions to which he did not wish to go. A visit to Woolwich Arsenal was a great success :—

> What impressed them most, as it did all of us, was the firing of a huge gun of twelve-inch bore with hollow shot. To see this devil sending its black messenger, like an imp of darkness, with great precision and enormous force to a distance of one thousand two hundred yards, and with a roar that almost cracked the drums of our ears, was truly an imposing proof of the extent of human science as directed to the destruction of the human species ; it seemed as if the art of projectiles could go no further. . . .

But even in this field Mr. Fraser was not upon safe ground. "*Ham-een ust ? Een che cheezee ust ?*" ("Is this all ? Is this what it amounts to ?") cried the eldest Prince on the ill-fated posting-trip to Chatham, where an interesting military exhibition of "throwing pontoon bridges over the Medway, and crossing a body of troops with extraordinary rapidity," was to take place. For the day was boiling hot, the journey had been long and dusty, and the manœuvre, when they reached it, was neither spectacular nor easy to view. Already out of temper, "Eh ! *cheezee pooch ust !*" exclaimed Timour in disgust as the pontoons were rowed efficiently into place and the troops passed over, "all in the space of twenty minutes" : "It is a paltry affair ; we can do at least as well as that in Persia . . . when we have to cross a river with an army, all we do is to kill a thousand sheep or goats, blow up their skins, form them into rafts, covered with branches of trees or earth, and, *Bismillah !* over we go !" A childish and tiresome speech, but Mr. Fraser forbore to rebuke him. "It was not a moment to remind him that a thousand sheep are not always at hand, and that wood is very scarce in Persia. . . ." Instead, he took the party home. But poor Prince Reza was quite done up. Delayed to a snail's pace in the intense heat by the crowd of people and vehicles, he developed a headache, and "lay back, flushed and uncomfortable, in the coach" ; and though a sympathetic lady in a neighbouring carriage kindly proffered some of her eau-de-Cologne to cool his brow, he had scarcely taken the bottle from her hands when the postillions whipped up their horses, the two carriages were separated, and he was unable to return it—to his further distress.

The ladies, indeed, with whom we began and now end, were always kind and attentive to them, but had proved, at any rate at first, their deepest disappointment : "*Punah-bur-Khodah*—God protect us ! What women !" cried the Wali, sitting amid the flowers at Chiswick and hopefully eyeing the human butterflies that came fluttering from bloom to bloom in his direction ; "Why can't they dress as becomes their age ? . . . They are cheats ; for when my eye is attracted by a group of gay-looking persons clad all in beautiful colours, they approach, and lo ! I find them all old and ugly." When not old and ugly, they mostly lacked *namak*—salt ; and at "one of the Duchess of B.'s splendid morning parties" the Princes refused to acknowledge the beauty of "several of the most beautiful women in London." However, the ladies, for their part, were much taken with these quaint visitors—Timour in particular, no doubt—who lavished extravagant compliments, "not always well selected," upon them through the aid of hard-worked Mr. Fraser and the interpreter, and were something of a raree-show at parties where they gradually got to recognise people and to have their own particular favourites. But deservedly though Mr. Fraser might sometimes congratulate himself that he had managed to put the Princes at their ease, he was by no means always at his when they were at theirs. Might they not behave in company as they sometimes did in the privacy of Mivart's—revert to using their fingers at table instead of their forks, or remember these forks only too well by stretching them out across other people to spear some desirable morsel, or empty the contents of some favourite dish into their own plates, or belch politely when replete, or walk suddenly out of the room "spouting" a poem? In fact, they did none of these things; but one never knew; and when the Wali, "gazing at a fair form through his glittering though half-shut eyes, while a smile of strong meaning gave a peculiar expression to his face, exclaimed: "She is a Hooree of Paradise!", or the others began to look too earnestly upon some of the young ladies, "I was too happy when an opportunity for withdrawing them occurred."

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[*] *Narrative of the Residence of the Persian Princes in ondon in 1835 and 1836.* By JAMES BAILLIE FRASER. Vols. *Richard Bentley*, 1838.

At the end of about three months the Princes had had enough; they had always been easily tired, easily bored; now they could hardly be enticed out of their hotel, where the Wali spent most of his time in bed. "Saheb Fraser, we have no heart." Mr. Fraser had, indeed, been most kind; he had taken them everywhere, they had met everyone; they had had their portraits painted by Mr. Partridge; they had been received by Lord Palmerston, by the Duke of Sussex, and by the Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria at a party at Kensington Palace; they had even at last had an audience of the King. He had been most gracious; though they had not, of course, got what they came for, yet now, "*Wullah Billah!* we shall die if we stay here": they were homesick, and wished only to return. But not by sea; that was out of the question; they had been so dreadfully sick on the voyage here from Beyrout that they could not endure the sight of water, even in art. With the aid of a map, Mr. Fraser patiently explained that England was an island . . . In the end they reluctantly consented to Calais. Among his final treats Mr. Fraser took them to Bedlam, but was "disappointed in the degree of effect apparently produced by the sight of this excellent establishment."

Soon afterwards they left for Dover. The Channel was dreadfully rough. They were dreadfully sick. But, kind Mr. Fraser still in charge, they passed safely over to the Continent and into volume two, whither we need not accompany them.

J. R. ACKERLEY

THE FLOWERING WEN

London's Natural History. By R. S. R. FITTER. *Collins.* 16s.

The Blitz did a number of things besides killing people, imposing a curfew and encouraging the study of good books. It took the lid off poverty and broke down the serried ugliness of the view. It asserted—unanswerable criticism!—that destruction could create far more pleasing shapes than the struggle for commercial advancement, that the bomber was a better artist than the exploiter. Our painters weren't slow to recognise and record the fact. A walk through London in those days could be a strange experience, half debauch, half visitation; the raw terror of the newly bombed site (other wounds were being inflicted as one paused or walked on) was followed by a scene from which tragedy had already receded, leaving the eye free to contemplate. What façades left standing, what elevations from which the shabby ornament had been torn away! The sites were cleaned up after a while, and some of these ruins began to haunt one's memory. I used often to pass a particular building or group of buildings near Holborn Viaduct; as Hopkins observed once of flower forms that nature left to itself makes miraculous patterns, so here chance had worked in masonry; the collapse had come, the rubbish had been levelled away, and what remained of walls clinging perhaps to some central prop assumed a startling felicity. Given sunlight, the architecture was complete; and I remember wishing at the time—and dismissing the thought as an affectation—that this corner could be preserved just as it was.

A second accidental pleasure brought to Londoners by the Blitz was in the rock-gardens that began to form among broken brick and stone. It hadn't occurred to most of us that such desolation would sprout flowers, and the first appearances of willow-herb made one stare. What the devil was *that* doing here? One had a vision of all the seeds borne along streets in earlier Augusts, of worms possibly waiting to push up through cracks in the pavement. Every year since, the weeds have grown taller and thicker; and n only weeds, but grasses, saplings, wheat an barley from horses' nosebags, tomato plan from the discarded sandwich packet. The tot number of plants identified by Dr. E. J. Salisbur on ruined sites has risen in four years to 12 A list of them is given in an appendix to *London Natural History*, and it contains besides the hal dozen or so familiar to the non-botanist man others that in name at any rate are delightfu Bulbous Buttercup, Codlins-and-cream, Mus Mimulus, Swine's Cress, Gallant Soldier White Goosefoot or Fat Hen, Yorkshire Fo Fool's Parsley, Evening Primrose, Timothy grass, Meadow Fescue, Bittersweet, are a fe of them. The effects of war on London's natur history provide Mr. R. S. R. Fitter with th material for his last chapter, which is cramme with interesting facts: as, for example, th London rocket, which flourished after the Gre Fire of 1666, was found nowhere after the Ci fires of 1940; that the rosebay willow-her commonest of all plants to-day in Central London was a rarity seventy years ago and has brough with it the elephant hawk-moth whose grub feed on its leaves. There have been few change in bird or animal life during the war year except for the reintroduction of pigs and hen to districts from which they had vanished.

The earlier chapters provide a fascinatin study of acclimatisation to the growth of a larg city. The boar, the wolf, the eagle disappear the house sparrow and the rat take their plac After centuries of violence the city has come t offer a limited accommodation, mostly to bird and a very few small animals. Not to "lo animals" is in these days a misdemeanour and all the creatures to which the city-dwelle extends an affection are by no means amiab in return. The common gull, for example, is parasite of the blackheaded gull, whose tit-bit won from the human hand, it snatches away wit rapacious greed. *London's Natural History* pro vides other curious examples of symbiosi The park allotment and even the slum window box involve changes in the balance of livin creatures.

The surprise, for most readers of Mr. Fitter' volume, will be the richness of the material h has had to sift. It will come as news to man Londoners to know that there are to be foun kingfishers at Highgate, wild rabbits near Bromley le-Bow, foxes and badgers in Ken Wood. Kestre nest every year in the towers of Westminste

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bbey, and ten years ago otters were a fairly mmon sight at Hammersmith, where also an l fishery flourished until the beginning of the ntury. We have all noticed the multiplication pigeons and seagulls; but how many of us ow the story of the black redstart, or indeed ould recognise that bird if we saw it? A pair black redstarts began to breed in the deserted lace of Engineering at Wembley in 1926, and nce then their habitat has spread not only to uthern England in general but to the built-p areas of the City and the West End. One arns, too, from Mr. Fitter's remarks on the uirrel that the grey variety did not oust the d, but merely took its place after the latter had ffered a mysterious epidemic. There are signs some districts of the red squirrel's return. It s given me pleasure as one who never watches rds or presses plants to discover from someone expert as Mr. Fitter just how much I am issing. I have no need though, like the harness oth mentioned on page 114, to change my bits.

London's Natural History has a round hundred ustrations, well chosen and many of them in lour. The colours aren't always pleasing, t without them the ignorant would hardly be le to distinguish one rare flower or bird from other. It is a pity, from that point of view, at no colour photograph of the black redstart as available. I gather, however, that we should ok out, in the Temple, the ruins behind the uildhall, and Whitechapel, for a small bird t unlike a robin. Mr. Fitter demolishes the ea that the Blitz was responsible for its settling re, but the ruins and the waste spaces may ve helped.

G. W. STONIER

EYE AND HEART

ar East. By CECIL BEATON. *Batsford.* 15s.

Travelling to take photographs for the Ministry Information, Mr. Beaton visited Delhi, the hyber, Calcutta and Bombay; then Assam, urma and the Arakan Front; then over the imalayas to Chungking, and up to the Front Fukin province; and so back by India, Africa d New York. Lucky Mr. Beaton to make, d in war-time too, such a very interesting ip! So you may think. But his book opens ith a bang: the aircraft in which he had em-arked for India caught fire soon after starting, d he was wonderfully lucky to escape alive. Then in China he had to endure discomforts which armchair critics may dismiss slightingly, but which made my blood run cold as I read of them. For discomforts, aggravated by delays, can become more intolerable than any but the most immediate danger.

Anyone can write a book pretending that everything is lovely, and the unsophisticated too often imagine that they can win sympathy for their own country, or for the country that they like, by such self-deception. Mr. Beaton is not all sugar and spice. He strikes me as eminently fair: he professes to deal only with surfaces, but often, one feels, he penetrates beneath them, because he is careful to describe what he felt and not what he was conventionally expected to feel. Thus he frankly admits that he found China in many ways a disillusionment, and all the more so because he had found a great deal to charm him in the Indians. He had been unwisely fed, like most of us, with rosy propaganda about China. As a civilised man, he was surprised by the lack of grace conspicuous in this most ancient of civilisations. It was not so much that the peasants, cheerful and industrious as they were, reminded him of Breughel, as that the better-off persons were often noisy, drunken and nasty in their personal habits. For the widespread corruption he may have been prepared, but not for the general unhelpfulness and selfishness. He is, however, careful to point out that he was visiting a country dilapidated by years of heroic warfare, that Chinese culture has been mostly concentrated in the Eastern cities, which of course he could not visit, and that he did meet a number of delightful Chinese. There was Mme Sun Yat Sen, by whom he was immensely impressed; there were scholars versed in the work of Valéry, and even of Auden. Such men were living almost in destitution, for whereas the vast bulk of people in unoccupied China, he believes, were better off than before the war, salaries as opposed to wages had not risen to meet the inflation.

What above all strikes me in this book is not Mr. Beaton's alertness of eye or skill in description, though these are outstanding. It is the character of his response to the various conditions in which he found himself. Most of the time he was with nobody who shared any of his main interests; and this can be a horrid strain, especially when they are younger and physically tougher than oneself. He does not conceal what he felt about their "awful jokes." But whether he describes dying soldiers or the suburban-minded Englishwomen so unluckily transplanted to India, whether he confesses his fear of death or his disgust with bad manners, his tone has an unfailing rightness. In such books as this, which consist of personal impressions, the author's attitude to himself is of the first importance. Mr. Beaton never relapses from candour into conceit or insincerity. He is introspective enough to be critical of his own feelings, but there is little in them that he needs to criticise. His sensibility is that of what the French call "une âme bien née," and he writes with a tact that reflects the politeness of the heart.

A selection of the photographs Mr. Beaton took during his travels is to be published in two albums. If they approach the standard of those reproduced in this book, we have a treat coming.

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It may be doubtful whether the title of this new series has been well chosen: it is at least quite certain that the uniform cover—a garish and sensational crucifixion—is most displeasing. The word "Revolutionaries" is surely a too obvious bait, too obviously intended to attract an otherwise unlikely reader. Nor do the rather flashy sub-titles give any reassurance. ("Christ's Trotsky" would be a dubious title for a life of Tertullian—though it would not be meaningless.) This faulty presentation is grotesquely misleading, since the content of the books is on a far more serious level.

From the covers alone a second, and a graver criticism, can be made. In addition to the volumes already published, works are promised on Söderblom, Kierkegaard, Lansbury and Sheppard. But how odd to include Lansbury and omit Barth, to include Sheppard and omit Maritain, to prefer Chesterton to Léon Bloy!

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The inclusion of Andrews is understandable on grounds that Works should be represented as well as Faith ; but even in the field of Christian action it is difficult to believe that Lansbury is a figure of primary importance.

The striking merit of this series is that it is genuinely undenominational. Although the general editor is a Catholic he has erred, if anywhere, in being too niggardly towards the great contemporary figures of his own Church. From the international point of view, which is evidently aimed at, Gill and Chesterton are inadequate representatives of the modern Catholic Church, sympathetic and interesting though they may be. It was inevitable, perhaps, that the merits of these books should differ widely. Niebuhr, for example, deserves more dignified treatment than he receives at the hands of Mr. Davies. Alone of the series, this volume is in keeping with the cover, an unpleasant piece of journalistic publicity. At the opposite extreme is Evgueny Lampert's admirably serious and thoughtful study of Berdyaev. The other three books are decent and intelligent : Mr. Attwater's something rather more than this.

It should be added, of course, that Mr. Lampert had by far the richest subject. Apart from Kierkegaard, Berdyaev is the only figure in the series who fully deserves the title of a revolutionary. It is natural that he should provoke thought to an extent of which the saintly Andrews is incapable. We *know* that Andrews was a remarkable and admirable man. We know that this kind of open-hearted sanctity is possible, both with and without official allegiance to a creed, and we pay it the high tribute which it deserves. But Andrews, for all his devout insight into the highest common factor in Christianity and Hinduism, was not a great or original thinker Berdyaev is.

"Men," writes Mr. Lampert, "have seldom been able to realise fully the fundamental fact of religion, namely, that God is both the wholly 'Other One,' transcendent and utterly beyond the world and man ; and yet creates and reveals himself to man, enters into him, and becomes the inmost content of man's very existence."

Yet this assertion of orthodox theology does not quite represent the position of Berdyaev himself. No doubt he would subscribe to it if pressed to do so, but his emphasis is always on God as "the inmost content of man's very existence," never on the "Other One." In this it is perhaps possible to find a theology common to the whole series, and an explanation of Barth's exclusion from it. The attention is directed to God in Man—an attention which would make the inclusion of Kierkegaard (surely the most subjective of modern religious thinkers) quite inevitable. On the same grounds it might be thought that Lansbury and Sheppard illustrate the divine purpose operative in man (although the inclusion of *both* must still seem redundant).

There is no taint of modernism in this series ; no attempt to extenuate or tone down the fundamental Christian faith. And, indeed, it's surely clear by now that the deposition of Christ to the status of Very Good Man, the virtual suppression of St. John's Gospel, the futile pandering to "scientific" credibility have done nothing but throw out the baby with the bathwater. The abiding and invulnerable value of religion has never been an ethical system. Better ethical systems than Christianity have been devised, and there are many things in the recorded words of Christ which are properly shocking to the modern conscience. The contemporary heresy is in the direction of monarchianism rather than of unitarianism. These heretics may be quite prepared to agree with the fusty J. M. Robertson in doubting the very existence of a historical Jesus. But Christ the dying and resurrected God is a living reality which cannot be denied. The gospel, an eclectic myth in which all the enduring values of pre-Christian religion can be found, is the deepest heritage even of the modern soul. We can no more deny it than we can amputate our own hearts. To this modern heretic the "Other One" seems little more than a primitive desire to objectify an inner experience. In this he is twice a heretic.

This is not the position adopted by the writers under review, yet their emphasis is so heavily in this direction that such reflections are not unwarranted. When Mr. Lampert writes "Man becomes aware of other reality than himself only in awareness of its relation to his own being, in self-awareness" the emphasis is not on "other reality." This is not casuistry : it is not a cunning plea to the infidel with one eye on C. J. Jung. Rather it is a striking token of a new inter-intelligibility between the thoughtful theologian and the humble non-believer. What has been done is to transfer religion to a different plane of thought and belief. It is no more possible to argue the evidence of God scientifically than to write the plans of an atom bomb in poetry. The gospel is as easy to "disprove" as the *Ancient Mariner*, and Christian liberalism made this a necessary task. But the gospel has triumphantly survived all the assaults of the Higher Criticism. It does not belong to that level of factual truth.

PHILIP TOYNBEE

YOUR EMPIRE

It's Your Empire. By ALEXANDER CAMPBELL. *Gollancz* 7*s.* 6*d.*

A book which covers the British Empire, including both the colonies and India, in 220 pages cannot but be sketchy Mr. Campbell has solved his space-problem by viewing the Empire from two angles. As a Briton, he is concerned to rub in the point of his title ; viz, that the nations inhabiting the Empire are a responsibility of British voters, and that no amount of dislike of old-fashioned imperialism absolves us from that charge. This theme allows for some hard hitting, as in the arraignment of traders and concession-hunters :

> In general, they have regarded those alien but originally well-disposed native peoples with an ugly mixture of fear and aversion . . . In the space of only a few decades they have made themselves detested, and the unretardable progress of Western education and sophistication has buttressed detestation with contempt.

With honourable exceptions, that is a true bill. On the other hand, the writer shows a rare and knowledgable respect for colonial officials (especially for the agricultural officers), whose devotion to their people receives far too little recognition from the Right which sees in them the adversaries of the settler, or the Left which thinks of them as the agents of oppression.

The author mainly tilts his camera at the condition of the life of subject nations under imperial rule. He draws largely on two important reports ; the enquiry into Nutrition in the Colonies which revealed underfeeding almost everywhere, and Major Orde-Browne's wartime report on labour conditions. The resultant picture of poverty and miserably paid labour is one which Socialist readers should take to heart, remembering that White trade unions in Africa are as eager as the employers to keep down the African workman.

The style of the book is always lively, and often witty. I recommend it as an astringent corrective to oleaginous Whitehall diet. Its drawback is that it seems to me to be fully saturated in knowledge only in its African portion. The Pacific

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onies fade away into ignorance—the mere ding of the Mandates Commission Minutes uld have bleached Mr. Campbell's roseate inions about Samoa and New Guinea. And re is too free a sprinkling of minor inaccuracies, pening to grave misstatements on Palestine. ese are due to innocent acceptance of propanda; anyone writing about Palestine ought to t each sentence on (1) an Arab, (2) a Zionist , (3) a neutral; after which he will still get wrong, but not so wrong as if he only listens to side.

The dryer substance is relieved by a scatter of using detail, like caraway seeds in madeira e. Thus Nelson was married on the island of vis. And Pygmalion carved Galatea on Cyus; a fact I did not know and was glad to learn. t why leave out that far more heartshaking nt, when Aphrodite lifted her face to the diterranean dawn, and set foot on the circled of Paphos?

FREDA WHITE

A PHILOSOPHIC HOTCH-POTCH

her/Or. By SOREN KIERKEGAARD. Translated by David and Lillian Swenson. *Oxford University Press.* 2 vols. 42*s*.

Those (and there are many) whom the accidents publication have so far deprived of the oppority to read Kierkegaard's *Either/Or* in anything the original Danish, will approach this nslation (published last year in the States) with excitement that is destined, I am afraid, dually to fade as they read Volume I and to n into exasperated boredom as they dutifully ugh through Volume II. Even by those who w inspiration from Kierkegaard's quasiilosophical divagations, *Either/Or* has never n considered of more than indirect, biophical value; it belongs to the period of his esthetic" writings and in it he chews the cud— intolerable length—of his unhappy engagement Regina Olsen.

The present translation was finished, after Swenson's death, by his wife, who apologises a preface for the "unevenness" of her style. would be ungallant, in the circumstances, to nplain overmuch of Mrs. Swenson's vocabuy and syntax—particularly as the translations Kierkegaard's other books, by other people, in places quite as baffling as this; but it is cessary to point out, once again, that Kierkeard is among the most obscure of writers, and t the reason lies, not so much in the intrinsic difficulty of his thought, as in a naïve eccentricity of utterance and an obstinate refusal to define his terms. Thus, having asserted that music, unlike language, which involves reflection, "always expresses the immediate in its immediacy," he continues:—

> Now if it is the immediate, apprehended in the spiritual categories, which receives its precise expression in music we may again enquire more closely what species of the immediate it is which is essentially the subject of music. The immediate, qualified spiritually, may be determined so as to fall within the sphere of the spiritual, and then it may well find its expression in the musical, but this immediacy cannot be the absolute subject of music, for since it is determined in such a way as to be included under the spiritual, it is thereby indicated that music is in a foreign sphere, it constitutes a prelude which is constantly being annulled. But if the immediate, spiritually determined, is such that it falls outside the realm of spirit, then music here has its absolute subject. For the first species of the immediate, it is an unessential fact that it is expressed in music, and an essential fact that it becomes spirit, and consequently is expressed in language; for the second, it is essential that it is expressed in music, it cannot be expressed otherwise than in music, it cannot be expressed in language, since it is spiritually determined so that it falls outside of the spiritual, and consequently outside of language.

And so on.

I must confess myself unable to perceive the use of such verbiage as this not unfair sample of the style in which *Either/Or* is written. Those who, from Plato onwards, have adopted the syllogistic method of argument, lead the reader from the twilight of doubt into the illumination of complete understanding, if not of conviction. Kierkegaard, on the other hand, entangles himself tighter and tighter in the net of his own cloudy words. Flat assertion—and there is much of it throughout Kierkegaard's work—is at least clearer and less tedious.

It would be a mistake, however, to infer from this general criticism that *Either/Or* is without interest. On the contrary, and in spite of a curious and dogmatic misunderstanding of the nature of music, to which much space is devoted, the first volume is full of acute and original remarks of a personal, psychological kind, which no one interested in human character can afford to ignore. Up to a point, Kierkegaard had a piercing insight into the process and implications of his own tortured conscience; yet I think it is fairly clear that the virulence of his sensibility led him grossly to over-dramatise the Regina affair and the extent of his guilt in regard to her. At the same time, the analysis of Don Juan, of a girl's reactions to ambiguous seduction, and of Kierkegaard's own laocoon exertions to solve the enigma of his own will, provide a most fascinating, and perhaps a unique, glimpse into the poetic character. For Kierkegaard can only by courtesy be called a philosopher; even in his later, religious period, his thought-processes remain on the imaginative, rhetorical plane. Those who, like the Existentialists, claim to found philosophical systems on the curious amalgam of Old Testament Puritanism with Hegelian logic which underlies Kierkegaard's works—and theologians like Barth, who are primarily interested in him as a supporter of their radical interpretation of the Bible—alike use Kierkegaard as a springboard, ignoring what does not further their own views. It is significant, on the one hand, that Existentialism derives at least as much from Nietzsche, whose method of persuasion was of the same kind; and, on the other, that the writer who, while possessing individual genius of a high order, most frankly acknowledges his great debt to Kierkegaard, was the novelist Franz Kafka.

Even the great Kierkegaard scholar, Mr. Walter Lowrie, seems to admit, in his preface to Volume II of *Either/Or*, that the later chapters of the book are monumentally boring; and it seems to me likely that even those who do not find them completely unreadable will continue to prefer Kierkegaard's shorter and more didactic works—essays like *The Sickness unto Death* and *The Concept of Dread*, in which the thought, and therefore the argument, is altogether clearer, and the conclusions more stimulating because unencumbered by the strange welter of reminiscence, æsthetic theory, quasi-fiction and moralising which crowds the pages of *Either/Or*.

PAUL DOMBEY

A REVIEW OF REVIEWS

Little Reviews Anthology 1945. Edited by DENYS VAL BAKER. *Eyre and Spottiswoode.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

The object of this collection is reasonable enough. The numerous literary magazines which have been born or reborn during the past few years have, except in a few cases, such as *Horizon* and *Cornhill*, reached a very limited group of readers. The most indefatigable rambler

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Work Reports, reviewing the Relief situation and the work of the FAU, are obtainable from the Information Officer.

in Charing Cross Road would scarcely be expected to emulate Mr. Val Baker, and read or even discover all these publications. Yet, by their very number, they have stimulated the writing of verse and short stories and have given opportunity for experiment. The editor has usefully made the best work available to a wider public; he hopes too, being an enthusiast, to encourage the reader (and writer) to investigate the original source, the "little review." This discouraging name, sounding at once cosy and meagre, belies the work in the anthology. The quality is high; much of it bears re-reading and study.

The interim or "testing ground" nature of these publications is most apparent in the poetry chosen from them. Here the writing is often fine and moving, never inevitable. There is a return to old forms: ballad and sonnet, and though most of the poems move in the desolate mental landscape of mid-war, we might be in a new romantic age. But while the mood and scene are frequently those of *Childe Roland to the Dark Tower Came*, there is no blowing of the horn to break the spell. W. R. Rodgers' *Christ Walking on the Waters* has a haunting virtuosity that refuses to leave the mind, and there is a neat wit in the satiric *Why Weavers Object* (Theodore Spencer), a kind of versified Hans Andersen motif.

The short story section contains much that is excellent. "Social behaviour has a much greater inertia than thought," says Koestler in his brilliant, irritable analysis of the *Intelligentsia* (included in this anthology), and, in fact, the theme of many excellent short stories has been disharmony? But so many to-day are written by poets, who move from one medium to the other, lacking not thought or feeling but an objective and crystallising view of social behaviour. There is no such weakness in the stories in this book, which have both poignancy and detachment. Most memorable are *Face of My People* (Anna Kavan), *The Orange Grove* (Alun Lewis), *Leather-Jaws* (A. G. Morris) and *Waiting* (Padraic Fallon). The group entitled "Sketches" contains some sensitive descriptive writing—the prose poetry (*not* poetic prose) which seems the natural medium of many young writers to-day. A Russian singer tries to bring life into an audience of tramps and pensioners who come, for warmth, to a free concert at the museum. A boy rescues a sheep on a bitter day in early spring. The cold impact of a stream is enjoyed by young miners swimming after their work. A clear, often physical impression remains, but the stress is always on atmosphere, not form.

In the essay section there are surveys of the arts to-day in Scotland, Wales and Ireland: Edward Sackville West writes on the *Appreciation of Music*: Walter Hudd gives an encouraging account of the new theatre audiences he found when taking Ibsen and Shaw to factory workers. (Where, by the way, are the new plays?) There are stimulating critical essays on Joyce, Tolstoy, Sickert, Lorca, Blake, and on Richard Hillary, and finally a detailed record of the "little reviews" themselves. If only for the essays and criticism this collection is worth possessing. It is the price of four *Horizons* and a NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

NAOMI LEWIS

GEORGE SAINTSBURY: THE MAN

George Saintsbury: The Memorial Volume. A new collection of his essays and papers. *Methuen.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

This *Memorial Volume* is published to mark the centenary year of George Saintsbury's birth. It is edited efficiently and unobtrusively, by Dr. John Oliver and Mr. Augustus Muir, both "of that brotherhood of men who sat at the Professor's feet in the University of Edinburgh." One of Saintsbury's colleagues, Professor A. Blyth Webster, contributes a careful and sympathetic Biographical Memoir; Sir Herbert Grierson some personal memories; two other pupils give "impressions"; and the much-regretted Oliver Elton a portrait which is also a friendly criticism. (This, by the way, is not new, but reprinted from Elton's *Essays and Addresses* of 1939.)

The volume includes also a selection of Saintsbury's hitherto uncollected essays, studies, prefaces, *causeries* and scraps. A full collection of his fugitive writings "might have run to the bulk of one hundred large volumes." So Saintsbury himself estimated nearly forty years before he died, at the age of eighty-seven, in 1933. By that date, one calculates, the volumes might have swollen to the bulk of several hundreds. Add the work published in book form; consider the spoken word in innumerable lectures *ex cathedra*; remember also private conversations in the Professor's room and table-talk prolonged over ten-course dinners with a rare wine for almost every course, in the great days of Edinburgh . . . We may agree with Sir Herbert Grierson that what the readers of this volume will wish to hear is not about Saintsbury the critic, but about Saintsbury the man. *Was* he a man or a machine for mass-production? Here is our last chance of meeting him in person. For according to his express wish there will be no full biography of him later.

Yet it would be false to suppose that there could not have been a life or a portrait of Saintsbury, apart from a catalogue of books and more books read, annotated, lectured upon, written about by him. For he possessed a rich personality. We knew this already, through his Scrap-books which abound in autobiographical reminiscences, and also through scattered allusions in his graver works; references that reveal the man. We knew also, or we ought to have remembered, that he was for twenty years plunged in the active work of a journalist in London—work that may have saved him from becoming a pedant, while it may not have saved him from a certain occasional haste or superficiality in composition and criticism. We knew all this and now we get the confirmation. We get some idea of how he accomplished it all. For the rest, we conclude that an iron will, a prodigious memory and a strong constitution enabled him to reach eighty-seven; towards the end, alas! afflicted, saddened, wineless, with few books; but always courageous and uncomplaining.

His friends and pupils tell us something of his methods. While he held his Professorship, he must have worked all day. When he was not teaching, he sat writing all the morning and most of the afternoon in a study with windows closed. When did he read? Presumably at night, when desirable or necessary. But, then, he had always read everything. "Reading," he said, "is to me like mental breathing." "I never work after dinner." He added, "I do not regard reading as work."

One may ask: did he not read too much? And, by consequence, too fast? Did he *think* enough? In other words, did he "inwardly digest"? His readers may judge after examination of some masterpiece known to them and criticised or rather *described* by him. They can compare notes with him and judge if he has given himself time to absorb the spirit of the book in question. He admires it. We see that. But we see also that he judges it formally, without much attention to environment or background.

Saintsbury did not pretend to be an expert in psychology. His final claim and the summary of his whole life's work was given in a sentence

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Appointments Vacant and Wanted

None of the vacancies in these columns relates to a man between 18 and 50 inclusive or a woman between 18 and 40 inclusive unless he or she is excepted from the provision of the Control of Engagement Order, 1945, or the vacancy is for employment excepted from the provisions of that Order.

UNIVERSITY of Cape Town. Applics. invited for post of lecturer in dept. of English. Lecturers required to give instruction mainly (but not entirely) in English Literature. Sal. £450 x 25 500 x 50 675. Post vacant from 1st March, 1946. Applics., in writing, stating date of birth, full details of qualifics. and exp., incl. present employment; also Identity and National Service/other registration partics., and quoting ref. number F.A.85 should be forwarded by December 15th to M. of L. and National Service, London Appointments Office, 1-6, Tavistock Sq., W.C.1.

MINISTRY of Town and Country Planning. Research Assistants (Temporary) reqd. for Ministry's H.Q. in London. Candids. should possess good hons. degree in economics statistics or maths: and be capable of original research work on industrial population and housing problems connected with town and country planning. Sal., Men £260—£450 p.a.; Women £260—£410 p.a., plus Civil Service War Bonus. Applics. in writing, stating date of birth, full details of qualifics. and exp. (incl. a list in chronological order of posts held) and quoting Ref. No. C.D.10 to M. of L. and National Service. Appointments Office, 1-6 Tavistock Sq., London, W.C.1.

BOARD of Guardians and Trustees for the Relief of the Jewish Poor, Registered, 127 Middlesex St., Bishopsgate, London, E.1. Applics. invited for appointment of secretary to this Board. Candidates must be members of Jewish Community and have exp. in social welfare and office admin. Sal. according to qualifics. Applics., stating age, previous occupation and exp., with copies of not more than 3 testims., should be sent before December 1st by post to the President, the Hon. Mr. Justice Cohen, Flat 2, 86 Portland Place, London, W.1

Appointments—continued

OVERSEAS Employment.—Rhodes University College, Grahamstown, South Africa. Applics. invited for post of Lady Warden (Oriel Hall) Women's Residence at above College. Sal., £300 x 25—£400 p.a., plus cost-of-living allowance, £28 single person. Qualifics.: Candidate should be a woman of recognised academic status. Applics., in writing, stating date of birth, full details of qualifics and exp., incl. present employment; also Identity and National Service or other registration partics., and quoting reference F.A. 86 should be forwarded by November 30th to M. of L. and Nat. Serv., London Appointments Office, 1-6 Tavistock Sq., W.C.1.

SUDAN Government Educ. Dept. Four vacancies for Mistresses. Applics. invited for service in above dept. from British women, age 25-33, in good health, with teaching exp. and univ. degree in Arts or Science, and/or specialisation in Domestic Science, Handwork, Welfare Work, Hygiene. Teaching diploma an advantage. Salaries and terms of service: Initial probationary contract for two years prior to acceptance on annuity scheme. Sal. scale £E. 432-480-528-576-624-672-726-780-834-894 (maximum). (£E. 1 = £1 0*s.* 6*d.*) Biennial increases of pay subject to recommendation by head of dept. Starting rate determined according to age, qualifics. and exp. Free passages on appointment. At present no income tax in Sudan. Full partics. and application forms from Controller, Sudan Government London Office, Wellington House, Buckingham Gate, S.W.1. Mark envelopes "Mistress." Closing date for applics. December 3rd.

QUEEN'S University of Belfast. Senate will shortly appoint Lecturer in Law. Salary £600, rising by annual increments of £25 to a max. of £750, but commencing salary will depend on qualifics. and exp. of successful candidate, with contributory pension rights under Federated Superan. system for Univs.: he will be expected to take up duties as soon as possible after appointment. 9 copies of applic. by January 15th, 1946, to Richard H. Hunter.

Appointments—continued

UNIVERSITY of Melbourne, Dept. of Social Studies. Applics. invited from exp. social workers pref. with degrees in Social Science, to act as field work supervisors in course for Diploma of Social Studies. Supervisors, while working under direction of Univ., would be attached to social agencies and carry a case load sufficient for teaching purposes. Sal. £350-400 (Australian). Appointment for three years to commence February 1946. Return fare paid. Applics. (in duplicate), together with copies of testims. and names of 2 referees, should reach Secretary, Universities Bureau of British Empire, c/o University Coll., Gower St., London, W.C.1, by December 10th.

KINGSTON-upon-Hull College of Arts and Crafts. Principal: S. I. Hemming, A.R.C.A. (London). Required: Assistant Master/Mistress with special qualifics. to teach Lettering and Calligraphy, with some additional craft such as Photography or Silversmithing. Salary in accordance with Burnham Technical Scale, 1945. Partics. of appointment and applic. form, to be returned by November 27th, from Director of Educ., Guildhall, Kingston-upon-Hull, on receipt of stpd., addrd. foolscap env.

LONDON Co-op. Soc. Ltd. Applics. invited for post of Book Buyer (adults' and children's books). Candidates (either sex) must know book trade, be capable of close control of stocks, and be able to initiate a vigorous sales policy. Com. sal. £400-£500 a year, in accordance with qualifics. For applic. form write Staff Manager, Dept. N.S., 54 Maryland St., Stratford, E.15, marking letter "Book Buyer," and enclosing stpd. addrd. env.

ABBOTSHOLME School, Derbyshire. Chairman of Council, Albert Mansbridge. Council of Abbotsholme invite applics. for headmastership which will shortly become vacant. Applics. should be in full sympathy with general aims and ideals of School, which has for over fifty years been a centre of educ. experiment and reform. Further partics. and instructions as to applics. from Secretary to Abbotsholme School Council, c/o Slater & Co., Solicitors, Darlaston, Staffs.

Appointments—continued

MIDDLESEX County Music Cttee. Applic invited for post of County Music Orga iser, man/woman, to organise and dire amateur music making among adults and you people (but not in schools) and to advise Count Music Cttee. Candids. must be well qualifi musically and possess organising and teachi exp. Sal. £600 p.a., plus allowance for travelli within County. Further partics. on receipt stpd. addrd. env. from Secretary, Middles County Music Cttee., Educ. Offices, 10 Gre George St., Westminster, S.W.1. Last date f applics. December 15th.

NOTTINGHAM Council of Social Servic Social worker (woman) required to ta charge of Family Case Work Section from No 30th. Social studies Diploma and some exp. Family Case Work essential. Sal. £300 according to qual. 47 Park Row, Nottingha

WAVERTREE Community Centre, Live pool, 15. Committee of Wavert Community Centre, now in process of form tion, will shortly appoint Warden to be respon ible for organisation and admin. of Centr Applics. invited from persons of either s who possess necessary qualifics. Post, at presen non-resident, but accom. at Centre may b available later. Candids. should be betwe 30 and 45, and should pref. have had trainin and exp. in club management and leadershi but main qualities looked for are enthusiasm a personality. Commencing sal. £350 p.a., b a higher figure may be fixed for a well-qualifi appointee. Apply by letter, stating in f qualifics. and exp. and enclosing copies 3 recent testims. to the Secretary, Liverp Council of Social Service, 14 Castle St., Live pool, 2, from whom further partics., if desire may be obtained. Closing date for appli November 30th.

SECRETARY reqd. by general sec. of imp tant national society with wide ramifi tions. Qualifics.: shthd.-typing., good edu and address, initiative, loyalty and willingn to work. Knowledge of German an advanta Permanent post offering interest and vari State age, exp., educ., sal. Box A2604.

written in reply to an address presented to him at Bath on his 77th birthday:

> At a very early time of my life it was, as the old phrase goes, borne in upon me that I was not destined to create great literature, but that I had perhaps some Faculty of appreciating it, and might even to some extent assist that appreciation in others.

What could be more unassuming?

R. JENNINGS

Week-end Competitions

No. 825

Set by N. N.

You are invited to submit a list of six objects which you would bury in a place safe from all destruction, in order to give archæologists of 20,000 years hence the best clues to the nature of our 20th-century civilisation. The archæologist's interpretation of the objects is also required. Your choice is limited by two conditions. (1) There must be no form of written, photographic or phonographic material. (2) No object must be larger than a man could carry. Entries not to exceed 250 words. Entries by Nov. 27.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 822

Set by Ahasuerus

A woman who is a nurse in the traditional sense of the word is now legally debarred from describing herself as a nurse. Comments in not more than 150 words are invited from Juliet's nurse or any other nurse famous in literature.

Report by Ahasuerus

This competition was inspired by an erroneous report in a daily paper. The new regulation affects not Nannies but so-called Christian Science Nurses. The mistake has, however, produced amusing entries. As far as I can discover the word "nurse" was first given to attendants upon the sick in the later part of the eighteenth century (Shakespeare's single use of it in this sense seems to be metaphorical). A number of competitors voiced Mrs. Gamp's complaints, who was hardly a nurse in the old sense, and I think that Allan M. Laing was right in making her applaud the supposed decision. Other nurses chosen by competitors were those of Phaedra, Odysseus, Mrs. Smith (in *Persuasion*), David Copperfield, R. L. S. and Christopher Robin. Then there were Romulus and Remus's wolf, and Nana from *Peter Pan*, and Miss Nightingale herself. Among the best entries were those of Stanley J. Sharpless, R. S. Jaffray, M. Boulton, J. R. Till, A. L. Rose, and E. Rex Makin. I recommend a guinea each for Constance Sewell, R. J. P. Hewison, L. V. Upward, D. L. Chesterton, Silvia Tatham and Doreen Agnew, this last though I presume Mrs. Hawkins would have described herself as a nurse to a Registry office. Hospital nurses will, I am sure, remember that Juliet's nurse is a comic character, and make allowances.

JULIET'S NURSE

From uncomputed time I have knit up
The savage jealousies 'twixt child and child
As oil to storms composant when the cries
"'Tis mine!" "Nay give it me!" "'Twas I first saw 't"
Incensed the pretty gamings in the sun.
Am I not learned like her, like her with cunning skilled
Proud Norland or Queen Charlotte doth attest?
Doth she with charted weight bring weight's increase?
Her babes with pestilence inoculate
Yet are to loathéd pestilence and prey
And yet may catch their death. Doth horrid dark
With brood of mandrake terrors less affright
'Fore page of Bühler, Blatz or Truby king?
Or tetchy wailing cease gainst ne'er milked dugs,
Like to twin toads well hid beneath the starch?

CONSTANCE SEWELL

Now, afore God, I am so vexed that every part about me quivers. That a pack of jauncing spinsters should so cozen the justices that for writing of their names they may be law write themselves nurse, yet I that am a nurse am no nurse sith I can but make my mark! Where is the justice here?

And wherewithal shall these learned shes nurse their rascals? With ink through a dug of quill? And swaddle them forsooth in paper and parchment? And wean them by laying hot wax to the quill?

Alack, the world wears sadly when mine honourable title is took away and not lent to me again. My husband—'a was a good man, but 'a's with God—would have taken them down soundly, but, as I say, 'a's with God, and I am alone and so unnursed that, so to say, vexation vexeth me most vexatiously.

R. J. P. HEWISON

Nay, I am so vexed that every part about me quivers. Art nurse no more, quoth a'. What then? Would the law have me dubbed maid, against all truth, honesty and conscience? Afore God, to name me so were a very gross kind of miscalling, as they say. Yet I cannot choose but laugh when I think upon my husband—God be with his soul—and the jest a' would have made o' that; for a' was ever a merry man. But I would there were one by could tell me, if 'tis neither nurse nor maid, what I may be called. Peace, lady-bird, I have done. And what wilt *thou* call me now? . . . Nay, Juliet, an thou art saucy with me I'll take thee down; and if I cannot my Lady, thy mother, shall know of it.

L. V. UPWARD

Say you then, sir, that I did not nurse my lady? Then say I, thou art an arrant knave! Would'st thou have it that I NANNIED my lady? Woulds't thou call me wet-nanny? Lord! The wormwood which I laid upon my dugs was sweetness to the bitter gall I lay upon the name of GOAT! Hath Juliet then a goatish smell? Bah, sir, it is you who bleats!

D. L. CHESTERTON

Then spake the ancient Eurycleia: "Nay, Odysseus, if such be the custom in the war-scarred world through which thou hast wandered, I will none of it. For look you, when the wise Penelope bade me wash thy feet, and I took, all un-knowing, thy scarred limb where the boar smote thee as a boy on Parnassus, and passed my hand down it, to wash it in the shining cauldron—as in the hour when thou wast born I washed thee—and so, touching the scar, knew thee—there came to me such a thought as this 'No woman so fit to tend a man as she who nursed him as a babe on her breast, unto boy-hood. She best can tend his wounds and heal them with a song of healing. I know not who may bear the name of Nurse if not such a one as I am."

SILVIA TATHAM

NANNIE HAWKINS from *Brideshead Revisited*

What! me not to be called Nurse any more? As if I ever was called Nurse! It's only those little bits of girls in the suburbs all dressed up in veils and suchlike, that call themselves Nurse. Nannies like me, Nannies that have been in the best family since they were fourteen, are always Nannie—Nannie to the family that's to say and Mrs. Hawkins please to the rest. Nurse indeed! Nannies like me don't have to pretend we've been trained at a college or any of these new fangled places. Service in the best families is enough for us. As that friend of Sebastian's said—no, dear, not the one that faints but the one who sings his own songs on the wireless sometimes, Mr. Howard his name I think—"surely it is enough to have bathed his Lordship as a baby." Nurses only wash common babies!

DOREEN AGNEW

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS, 3s. per line (average 6 words) per insertion. Box numbers 1s. extra. Prepayment essential. Press Tuesday, early insertion not guaranteed.

POSTAGE on this issue is: Inland, 1½d.; Foreign, 1d.; Canada, 1d.

Appointments—continued

NORFOLK Educ. Cttee. Applics. invited from men and women for two appointments as full-time Youth Centre Wardens at Sprowston (edge of Norwich) and Downham Market. Persons appointed will be responsible for developing and co-ordinating all youth work in area incl. Further Educ. classes, pre-Service and Voluntary Youth Organisations and more informal social and educ. activities, and may entail certain amount of adult educ. work. Sals. in accordance with Burnham Scales for Assistant Teachers, i.e. for Men £300 by £15 to £525, and for Women, £270 by £12 to £420, with allowance for special qualifics. Pref. given to candids. with exp. in two or more of following: Administration, Youth Service, Adult Education and Teaching. Appointments subject to Teachers' Superan. Act 1945, or to Local Government A Superan. Act, 1937. Further partics. and applic. forms issued on receipt of stpd. addressed env. Applics. should be returned to W. O. Bell, Chief Education Officer, County Educ. Office, Stracey Road, Norwich, by December 7th.

DERBYSHIRE Educ. Cttee. (in assoc. with Joint Cttee. for Drama). Applics. invited from qualified men and women for appointment of Drama Adviser whose duties it will be to foster and develop dramatic work in schools and youth organisations and adult socs. Good educl. background and working knowledge of theatre essent. Prev. exp. an advantage. Sal. £350 p.a. and war bonus (men £59 16s. p.a., women £48 2s. p.a.) with travelling allowance on County Council's scale. Post superannuable. Candids. should obtain permission of M. of L. and Nat. Serv. to apply for post if reqd. to do so under Employment (Control of Engagement) Order, 1945. Applics. from men and women due for early release from Forces considered Applic. forms and further partics. from Director of Educ., Derbyshire Educ. Cttee., County Offices, St. Mary's Gate, Derby, to whom they should be returned by Nov. 30th.

HOLIDAY staff: domestic and secretarial wanted for travel service. Pleasant jobs. Box A2725.

Appointments—continued

DERBYSHIRE Educ. Cttee. Applics. invited for post of Club Leader for mining community of Shirebrook. Good educ. background and exp. of club work essent. Sal., £250–£350 according to qualifics. and exp., plus cost of living bonus (men £59 16s., women £48 2s.). Candids. should obtain permission of M. of L. and National Service to apply for post if required to do so under Employment (Control of Engagement) Order, 1945. Applics. from men and women due for early release from H.M. Forces considered. Applic. forms obtained from Director of Educ., County Youth Service, 8–9 St. Mary's Gate, Derby, to whom they should be returned by December 8th.

SOCIAL workers interested in care of children reqd. for Jewish Orphanage, where resid. posts vacant for men and women. Apply Secretary, 76 Leigham Court Road, S.W.16.

TYNTESFIELD School will require in the near future a senior English Mistress and a junior mistress, pref. Froebel trained, to teach the seven-year-olds. Apply Headmaster, Tyntesfield School, Rugby.

COOK-housekeeper and assistant cook req. Educated women, experienced in catering for numbers. Interesting work, modern conditions. Cultural opportunities. Good sals. Wennington School, Wetherby, Yorks.

CLUB Leaders and Assistants reqd. by Y.W.C.A. of Gt. Britain for centres for all ages. Applics. expected to take full Y.W.C.A. trng. For women with relevant exp. shorter courses arranged. Sals.: Assistants, £200–£220 non-res.; Leaders in Charge, £220–250 non-res. Possibilities of promotion to local admin. posts. Sal., £250–£320 non-res. Apply: Personnel Sec., Y.W.C.A. National Offices, Gt. Russell St., London, W.C.1.

NATIONAL Organisation requires lady welfare visitor for Lancs. area, and another for Wales and adjoining counties. Social Science Cert. essential. Applics., stating age, exp. and salary reqd., to Box A2585.

WANTED, doctor's famil[illegible] Oxon., domestic help; good salary, [illegible]ive as family. Box A2043.

Appointments—continued

OFFICE secretary with some outside organising reqd. by Women's International League at end of year. Typewriting and shthd. necessary. Speaking ability and exp. of cttee. work a recommendation. Interest in work for international peace essent. Write stating sal. asked, and giving exp. and testims. to Hon. Sec., Women's International League, Flat 8, 144 Southampton Row, London, W.C.1.

WOMEN Staff Supervision. Single woman/widow (28–35) reqd. shortly in personnel dept. of old-estab. home counties co. Able examine duties each woman's post, assess appropriate remuneration, and recruit and train women staff accordingly. Potential more important than strict relevance of previous exp. M. of L. approval will be sought to appointment of successful applic. Com. incl. remuneration £400–£500 p.a. Write fully. Box A1593.

POST Girls and Junior Clerks reqd. by T.U. Office. Good wages and condits. Apply A.Sc.W., 73 High Holborn, W.C.1.

WELL known National Organisation engaged in Christian social service wishes strengthen appeals staff. Those interested should write giving full information, exp. and sal. desired. Applics. will be treated as confidential. Box No. U.989, S. H. Benson, Ltd., Kingsway Hall, Kingsway, London, W.C.2.

MATHEMATICS Master, graduate, to teach to Matriculation standard required. Resident. Apply Headmaster, Whittingehame College (of Brighton), Llandilo, Carms.

SHORTHAND-typist reqd. by City Banking firm, pref. with good knowledge French and German; post perm. and to be taken up immediately. Applic. with full partics. of exp., age and salary reqd., to Box E.958, Willing & Co. Ltd., 133 Moorgate, E.C.2.

CHRISTIAN Auxiliary Movement shortly to fill post of Industrial Secretary. Organisation of groups for those in industry, conferences on industrial problems, etc. Applns. to General Sec., C.A.M., Annandale, North End Road, London, N.W.11.

CANDIDATES supplied and req., Secretarial, etc. "Women's Employment." Sloane 1992.

Appointments—continued

ATTRACTIVE position offered in modern farmhouse to a Mother's Help, willing assist children and household duties, drive car an asset; good wages and time off. Mrs. Porter, Boughton End Farm, Lidlington, Beds. Tel., Ridgmont 34.

CAVENDISH Secretarial Service, 13 Princes St., Cavendish Sq., W.1. All office staff supplied and wanted. Also copying of professional, literary, foreign and business papers. Duplicating. High standard. MAYfair 2772.

ACCOUNTANTS, Secretaries, Bookkprs., S/Typs., Tels., Clerks, etc., M. or F. promptly supplied. No charge to staff. Expert Temp. Sh/Typs. & Telephonists available. Fine's Agcy., 95a Praed St., W. Pad. 3262 5.

YOUNG man, Honours Graduate (English) seeks teaching post. Box A2044.

WOMAN Graduate, mod. langs. (French and German), Oxford, seeks post in which these subjects of value. Literary bent; love of art. Periodical? Publishers? Booksellers? Age, 23, subject M.o.L. orders. Box. A2051.

YOUNG trained teacher, experienced, general junior subjects, languages, seeks interesting post, London area. Box A2058.

EXPERIENCED Sec. Sht./Typ. Bkpr., young, interested in politics and the Arts, especially painting, know. German, seeks interesting post. Box A2069.

EDUCATED lady, aged 32, seeks interesting position, preferably abroad. Capable, used to managing people. Box A2085.

YOUNG couple desire post—working pupils—prog. farm—Christmas. Wife (Froebel) would teach children, help housework. Keep and pocket money only. Box A2092.

EDUCATED woman seeks resid. post as Sec. Housekeeper. Low salary, but good condits. London area pref. Box A2132.

YOUNG married woman, B.A. (Hons. Eng.), prog., good expce. organl. and admin. work, seeks suit. part-time employt. Box A2141.

YOUNG S.R.N., married, requires post, nursing, doctor's receptionist or similar. Box A2148.